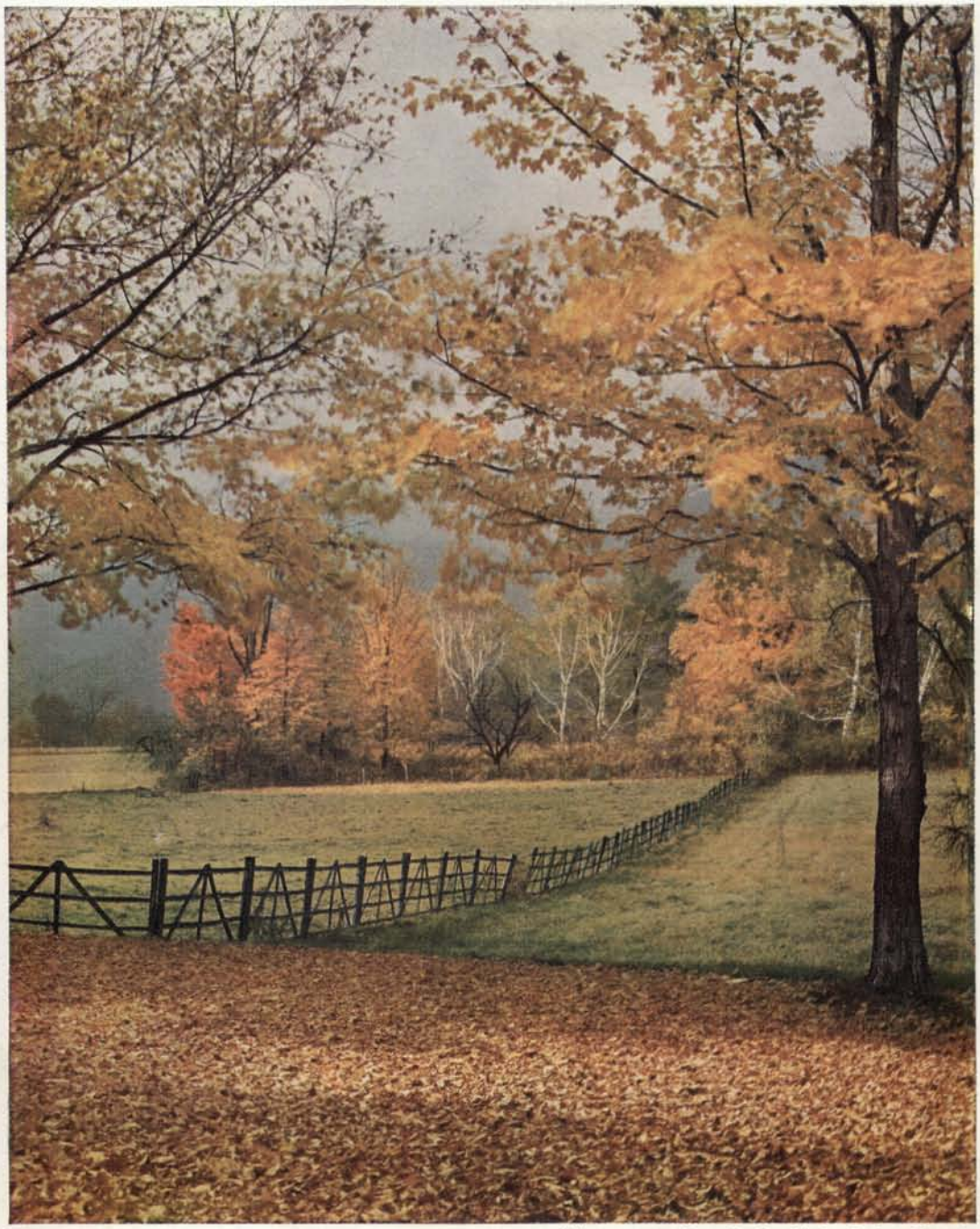
Saturday Review

September 14, 1963 25¢



—"Autumn in New England" by Ewing Krainin

DIALOGUE WITH AN AU

By JOHN CIARDI

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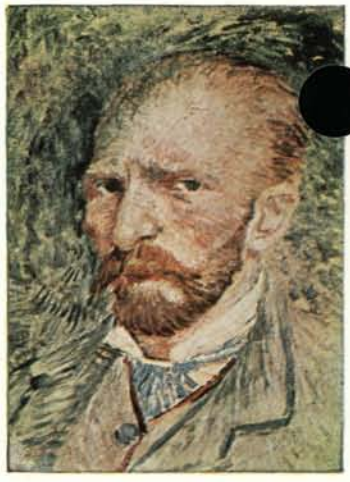

Amsterdam's Mayor van Hall shows you three Dutch artists as they saw themselves: Self-portraits by Rembrandt (left); Hals (upper right); van Gogh (lower right).

The Burgemeester of Amsterdam invites you to Holland to meet Rembrandt, Hals and van Gogh

IT IS SAID that the Dutchman's appreciation of fine food is surpassed only by his love of art and beauty.

If you share this reverence for art, you must come to Holland. Burgemeester Gijsbert van Hall, mayor of Amsterdam, Holland's capital, cordially invites you to visit the more than forty museums you'll find in his city alone. In Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum you'll see Rembrandt's masterpiece, "The Night Watch," painted in 1642.

In Rotterdam's Boymans—van Beuningen Museum, a uniquely designed hall features the works of Jan van Eijck, Jeroen Bosch and Rubens. The famous Frans Hals Gallery is in Haarlem.

In Hoge Veluwe National Park, near Arnhem, is the Kröller Müller Museum which houses two hundred and seventy van Goghs—the largest collection in the world. The works of Vermeer, Steen and other masters abound in Holland. If your taste is specialized, you'll find galleries devoted to such widely disparate subjects as folklore and Roman finds.

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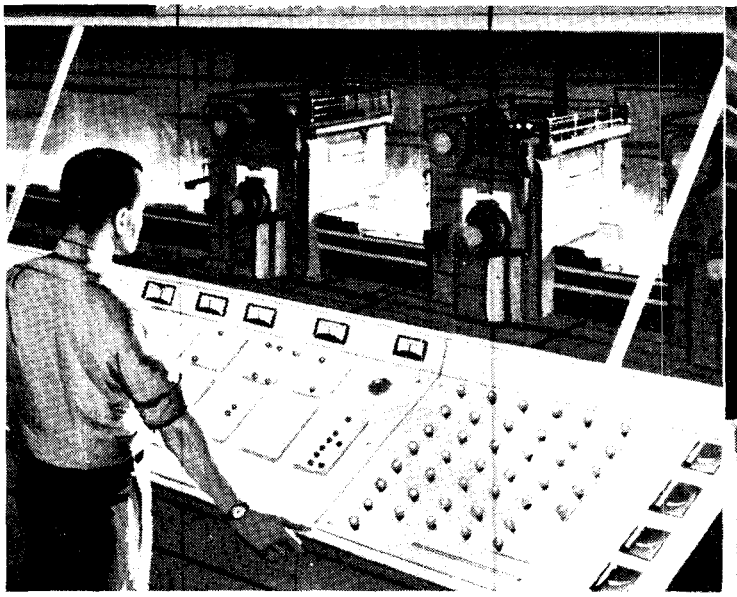

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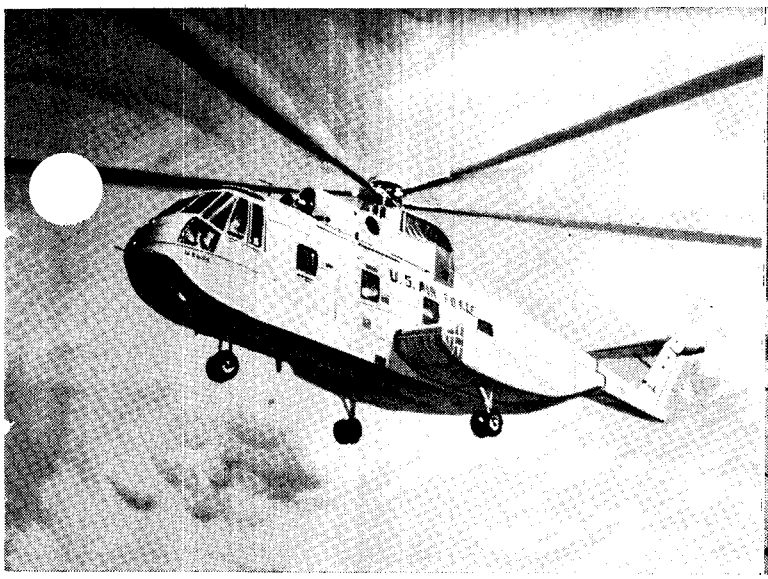

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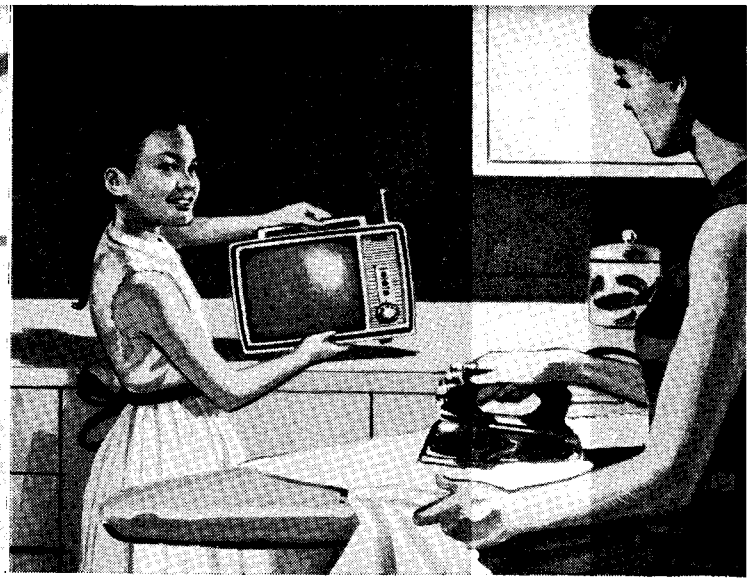
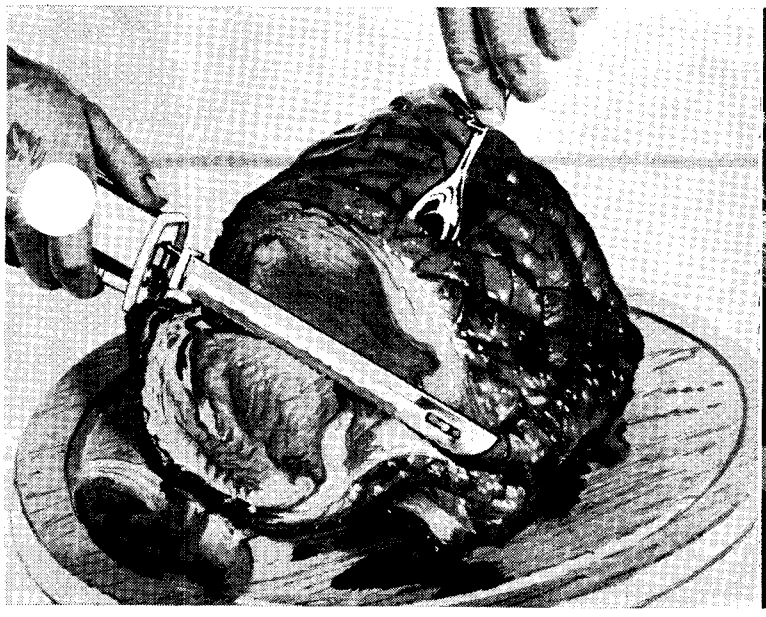
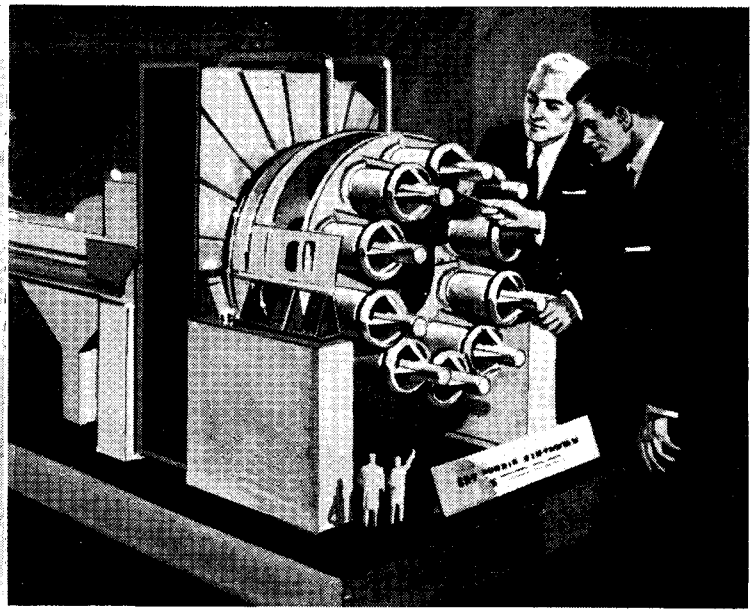


An 11-inch, 12-lb. TV set you can use almost anywhere. Before General Electric's new Personal Television set was designed, our engineers measured all the places around the home where such a set could be plugged in. They checked typical clearances: between bookcase shelves, on counter tops, on bedside tables. The result: an amazingly compact TV set that's truly portable and fits almost anywhere.



An electric slicing knife that makes carving a pleasure. According to studies, 70% of American families entertain at least once a month, 25% every week. General Electric's response: a line of attractively styled electrical products that make gracious entertaining easy—everything from a rotisserie-oven to the novel motor-driven slicing knife shown here. The knife makes carving almost effortless.



A plant that will use 10 jet engines to produce electricity. In answer to the need of electric utilities for a high-capacity source of reserve power at low capital cost, General Electric engineers are harnessing 10 aircraft jet engines to create a revolutionary new turbine-generator (model above). It can produce, on short notice, up to 100,000 kilowatts to meet peak loads and emergencies.

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THE VIKING PRESS

Saturday Review

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garsen. Subscription $8 a year Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVI, No. 37, September 14, 1963. Second-Class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1963 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.**

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A Time for High Tea

Photo by Ewing Krainin

The time for High Tea in India is a mood. It arrives leisurely on the marbled courtyards of elegant hotels, amid medieval terraces of palace gardens; it arrives on a 'shikara' built for two, or in a houseboat, on a Kashmir lake miles above the sea...

After a tennis final it comes, or a polo match, a day at the races. The time for it is a *soirée* of dance-drama. The mood comes upon you languidly when the shadows are long and the evening breeze carries the perfume of jasmine and queen-of-the-night. The time for High Tea in India is a time to meet, to sit and talk, to admire.

This year, seek the mood that is India.

For further information, see your travel agent, or write dept. SR

India

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TCHAIKOVSKY: 1812 Overture; **LISZT:** Mephisto Waltz; **DEBUSSY:** Ibéria/**FRITZ REINER,** Chicago Symphony.

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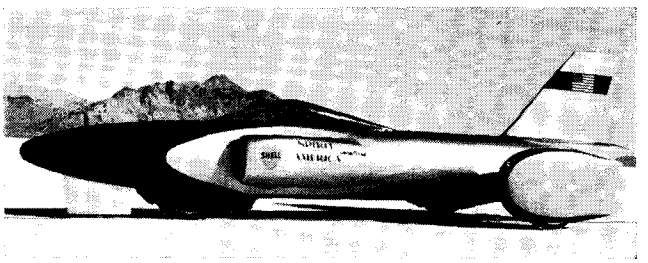
In his own words, this is the story of Craig Breedlove. The man who brought the Land Speed Record back to America. It is also the story of Breedlove's faith in Goodyear. A trust Breedlove staked his life on.



A CAR OR A COFFIN

"Take it from me, when I started building my racer, The Spirit of America, I didn't know if I was building a car or a coffin. At speeds I was thinking of going, there was a good chance my trip to the Salt Flats would be one-way. But I was just determined enough not to think about it too much.

"It was three years ago, in Costa Mesa, California, when the work really began. I had saved a few dollars so I bought a war surplus J-47 engine. I moved it into my garage.

IT TAKES CASH TO BUILD A RACER

"To build a Bonneville racer it takes money. Lots of it. You can know all there is about cars, design and engineering . . . but the real problem is money.

"Every nut and bolt must be paid for. And to cut corners on a racer is like cutting your own throat.

"So I contacted several large corporations I thought would be interested in my project. I had drawings of the Spirit plus a model. I also had a detailed flip-chart to present the facts as clearly as possible. Guess I sounded a little naive to some of the executives. Here I was, twenty-three years old with a dream to drive a car over four hundred miles an hour... and I was asking them to invest a lot of money.

GOODYEAR AND SHELL COME THROUGH

"Finally, after traveling over half the country, two breaks came. First, Shell Oil Company decided to help me. Then Goodyear said they would make the tires!

"Tires to a racer are like feet to a runner. Without them, you just sit there. Goodyear knew tires better than anyone in the business . . . and best of all, they knew Bonneville racing. In 1960 Mickey Thompson was driving on Goodyear tires when he pushed his Challenger I to the fastest one-way speed ever recorded on the salt until now.

"But I needed more than just tires. Let me explain. The jet car I was building would, I hoped, move across the flats at speeds two or three times faster than anything at Daytona or Indianapolis. Also, my car would weigh more than 3 tons. With that weight at those speeds, each pound of tire would have to take about 12,000 pounds of centrifugal force. A tire failure under those conditions could scatter me and my car over half the state of Utah.

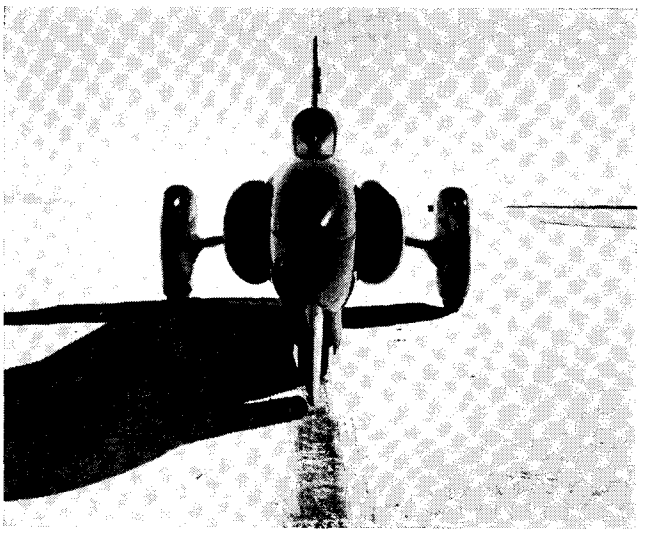
THE FASTEST TIRES ON EARTH

"The Goodyear engineers were great. They threw themselves into the project like men possessed. Meanwhile the Spirit was starting to take shape.

"In the summer of 1962 we took the car to the Salt. I was the happiest guy in the world.

"The trip was a complete failure. The car would not steer properly. The fastest man on wheels was still John Cobb, of England. His two-way average speed of 394.2 mph was still the world record.

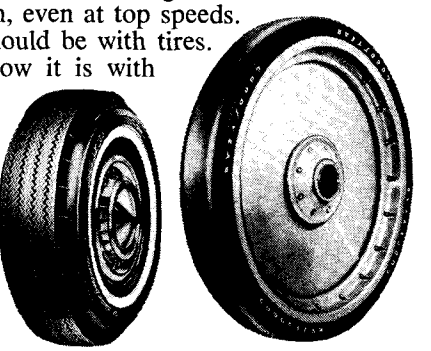
"So we took it back to the garage for a long winter of changes and checks. Even the tires, perfect as they were, went back to Goodyear for more testing. Goodyear has a high-speed dynamometer. With this machine they ran my tires at more than 600 mph—fastest speed any land tires have traveled. Not one failed. Plenty safe for me.



SHOWDOWN ON THE SALT

"August of 1963 found us up on the Salt again. This time the car was performing like a jewel. Then on the morning of August 5th, at 7:15 a.m. to be exact, I sat in the Spirit at the far end of the long black line that marks the 10-mile course. The wind was right. The official timers were in place. The car checked out. This was the precise moment that all my work and plans and dreams had led me to. I pushed the throttle forward. Moments later my drag chute popped. I had gone through the measured mile at 388.49 mph. We turned the car around and, again, I followed the black line to its end. Before I knew what had happened there were people swarming all over the car. My crew was yelling and shouting. I had made the second run at 428.37 mph. An average of 407.45 mph. A win.

"It's all over now. And looking back I know I have many people to thank. Goodyear for being there when I needed them. For the tires only they could build . . . so perfect . . . so right . . . that I never thought about them . . . or worried about them, even at top speeds. Which is how it should be with tires. And it's exactly how it is with Goodyear tires."



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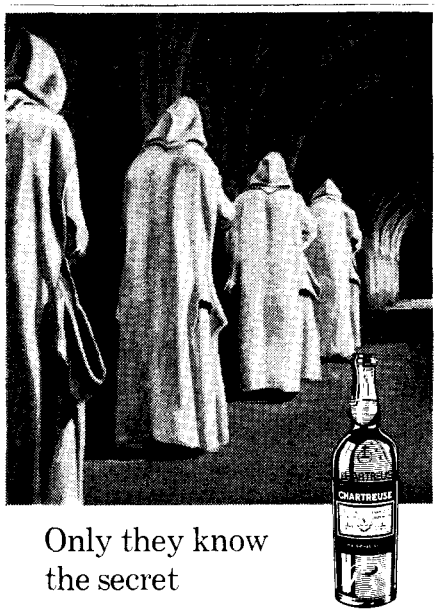

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Eastward Ho!

Edited by Martin Levin

CLIFFORD ODETS

WHEN Clifford Odets applied for admission into the ranks of the Group Theatre acting company in 1931 my colleagues and I voted to accept him without knowing exactly why. He was not a particularly good actor, I thought, after having seen him play several small parts in Theatre Guild productions, but he had talent. If I had been challenged to specify what sort of talent I should have been hard put to answer. There was a kind of heat in him, an internal tension and churning which I felt was promising.

Odets lived in a Greenwich Village (Hudson Street) apartment next to a stable just before *Awake and Sing* was produced. He said he wrote it largely because I wouldn't cast him in a decent part in one of our productions. He vowed that if *Awake* was a hit he would rent a nice apartment which we would share. The play did sufficiently well for us to move to University Place.

The first thing Odets did was to buy a huge record player and an enormous number of classical discs. For months, or rather years, the music went round and round. It was better than hearing Odets repeat the same tumultuous minor chords that he used to pound out on the piano at every opportunity. He couldn't read a note.

Odets was generous. He provided his friends with bottles of champagne, books, paintings, and overwhelming dinners. After the opening of *Awake* he gave me money to go abroad. Many years later he bought me a Pontiac. I thought this was excessive. "Harold," he said, "When we were almost starving in 1932 I asked if you would let me have a quarter. You opened your wallet in which there were only two single dollar bills. 'Take one,' you said. I am returning that dollar with interest."

The man had talent—and not just for making potato pancakes, as some people insisted in the dark Depression days when twelve Group actors lived together on West 57th Street. What impelled Odets's talent was a torrent of tenderness, warm and consoling, which when confronted by injustice would turn to an agony of rage.

When he had achieved success—owned a Cadillac and lived in a sumptuous Beekman Place apartment—Odets confided to me that one of his most deep-seated urges was a desire "to reign," to exercise a sort of regal largesse. The one thing he couldn't do was to reign over himself, to dominate the contrary pulls of his nature.

—HAROLD CLURMAN.

• • •

DIG WE MUST

MY WIFE, Marguerite, was born in Caen, France; I was born in Fargo, North Dakota. Though separated by 5,000 miles of prairie, ocean, moderately low mountains, rivers, and disparate cultures, our childhoods were similar in one respect: we both dug holes in the family gardens. The holes themselves were largely incidental; it was what we found at the other end that counted. What I mean is that we diggers never lost an opportunity to announce to anybody who would care to listen that if we dug down far enough we'd soon come out on t other side of the world, in the exot land of China.

No hole ever dug exceeded eighteen inches in depth, but it is safe to say that until the age of twelve or thereabouts, our absolute confidence in the outlandish wonders we would encounter if, by magic or muscle, we ever succeeded in piercing the remaining 7,927 miles of granite, balsite, and molten core, never diminished a single iota.

Some thirty-five years later we inhabit the somewhat less exotic precincts of Forest Hills, New York. The other day we noticed one of the neighborhood kids spading out some kind of hole in his back yard, and as he puffed, sweated, and belabored the dirt, he declaimed to several nearby pals the ancient childhood fiction of the hole direct to China.

Fiction? I could hardly wait to get home and haul down the atlas. What part of China, I wanted to know, would this underaged excavator of New York bang into as soon as he dug through the mucko and the Moho, and emerged on the other side? I got my answer in about three minutes fl He'd end up in the South Indi Ocean, about 700 miles off the southwest coast of Australia, missing the nearest Chinese land by about 4,200 miles. I dug down from Caen and

(*Continued on page* 14)

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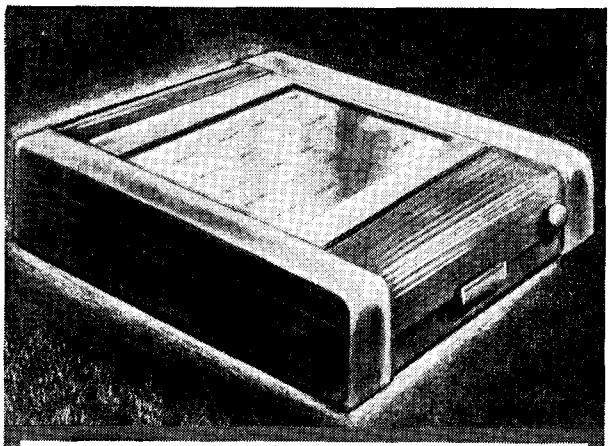

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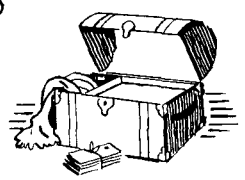

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OLD NEWSPAPERS

BOOKS

Tucked away in the attic trunk, hidden in stacks of old newspapers, in books and magazines true stories have been found linking Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and Mark Twain to Old Crow. Perhaps you, too, can uncover a similar historic fact. A $250.00 reward will be paid for each accepted item.

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found myself in the South Pacific, about 400 miles southeast of New Zealand. A perpendicular hole from Fargo, North Dakota, dumped m again into the South Indian Ocean, about 1,500 miles from the nearest substantial land—Australia or Antarctica, take your choice.

The fever mounted. I did a number of further calculations. I dug down from Montreal, Rome, Jerusalem, Addis Ababa, Accra, and the Cape of Good Hope, and came up for air in such unlikely spots as the Tasman Sea, the south coast of Papua, and the Pacific Ocean somewhere north of Hawaii.

At last I halted. If there was a snip of dry land anywhere on this whirling mudball where a kid could dig his hole and reach China, I was going to find it—by the numbers.

The answer came some six sheets later—sheets of messy, but undeniably high-class calculations.

Kids of the world, I can here and now report that from parts of only five countries on this globe can you dig straight down to China: Argentina, Chile, Paraguay, a minuscule unpopulated bump of southern Bolivia, and the Falkland Islands. And here, for your next spading expedition, I present a few of my select digging spots in the Southern Hemisphere:

Los Angeles, Chile: Dig down here and end up on the Great Wall of China, a hop and a skip from the town of Tingpien, Kansu Province.

Falkland Islands: Dig here and end up in Northern Manchuria, smack dab in the Great Khingan Mountains, a couple of hundred miles from absolutely nowhere.

Villa Federal, Argentina: Dig down here and end up, feet first, in little old Shanghai.

Mount Lipez, Bolivia (17,398 feet): Dig down here and come right out into the cellars of Macao, the Portuguese gambling colony on the South China coast where, with a little bit of luck, you can cover digging expenses, and maybe even have a yuan or two left over for a chow mein dinner.

Confuso River, Paraguay: Dig along the banks of this waterway northwest of Asunción, end up in Taipei, Formosa, right in Chiang Kai-shek's lap.

We live in an age of deviousness, an age of overskills, and I know that any American kid with an ounce of inventiveness ought to be able to dig his hole slantwise (like those oil-well bimbos in Texas) and get to China from any old spot on this crust. It wouldn't count, though. In the China-digging game no cheating is permitted. You gotta be a straight digger. Any kid can tell you that.

—Lawrence Levine.

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CLEAR GROUND RULES HELP GOOD NEIGHBORS STAY THAT WAY

For many years the investor-owned light and power companies and the rural electric cooperatives have been, on the whole, good neighbors. They have worked together to bring electricity to rural America. About two-thirds of this electricity is produced by investor-owned companies who either supply rural customers directly, or supply the co-ops.

The REA

The two systems are, of course, different. One, as its name implies, is financed by investors. The other is financed by loans from an agency of the Federal Government, The Rural Electrification Administration (REA). REA loans are made at the low interest rate of 2%. Co-ops financed by The REA pay no Federal income taxes. The rural electric program was started during the Depression, in 1936, to help get electricity to farms more quickly.

But notwithstanding the fact that electricity now flows throughout our farmlands, requests for treasury appropriations to The REA continue to get bigger and bigger. In 1952, appropriations amounted to $175 million. The last budget called for $425 million for loan authorizations, with the greater part requested for building generating plants and high-voltage lines.

This leads to a big question: does the nature and continued expansion of this program indicate, over and beyond necessary co-op improvements, a significant move toward federalizing the nation's power by making use of the farm economy?

That is the general issue. And against it, writers, editors, legislators, farm leaders and others are asking some pointed questions.

The Questions

Some ask if The REA in Washington is encouraging co-ops to build power plants that are not needed. Others ask if these loans are being made to some co-ops to develop a Federal power system not authorized by Congress. People both in and out of Congress are asking whether it is proper for a Federal Government bureau to loan your money under such circumstances.

Also: are REA loans being used to finance expanded service to urban or industrial customers in contradiction to the original purpose of the rural co-op? Are they being used unnecessarily to finance equipment for business and industrial ventures locating on REA-financed co-op lines? Is it proper for The REA in Washington to lend public funds while keeping the economic basis for making the loans a secret?

Ground Rules Helpful

We in the electric light and power business are interested in these questions, too. We have good reasons for wanting them answered. We've worked with rural electric co-ops for many years, and we think that clearly understood ground rules would help both the co-ops and ourselves. We believe that such "clear ground rules" will help us to continue to work with our good neighbors to go on meeting the nation's power needs, wherever the power is needed.

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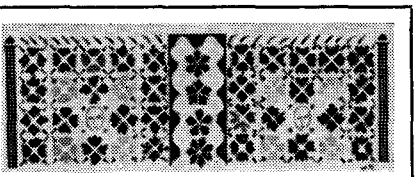

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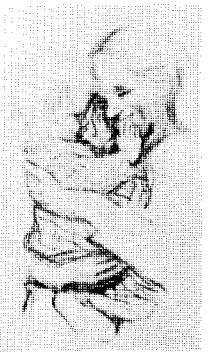

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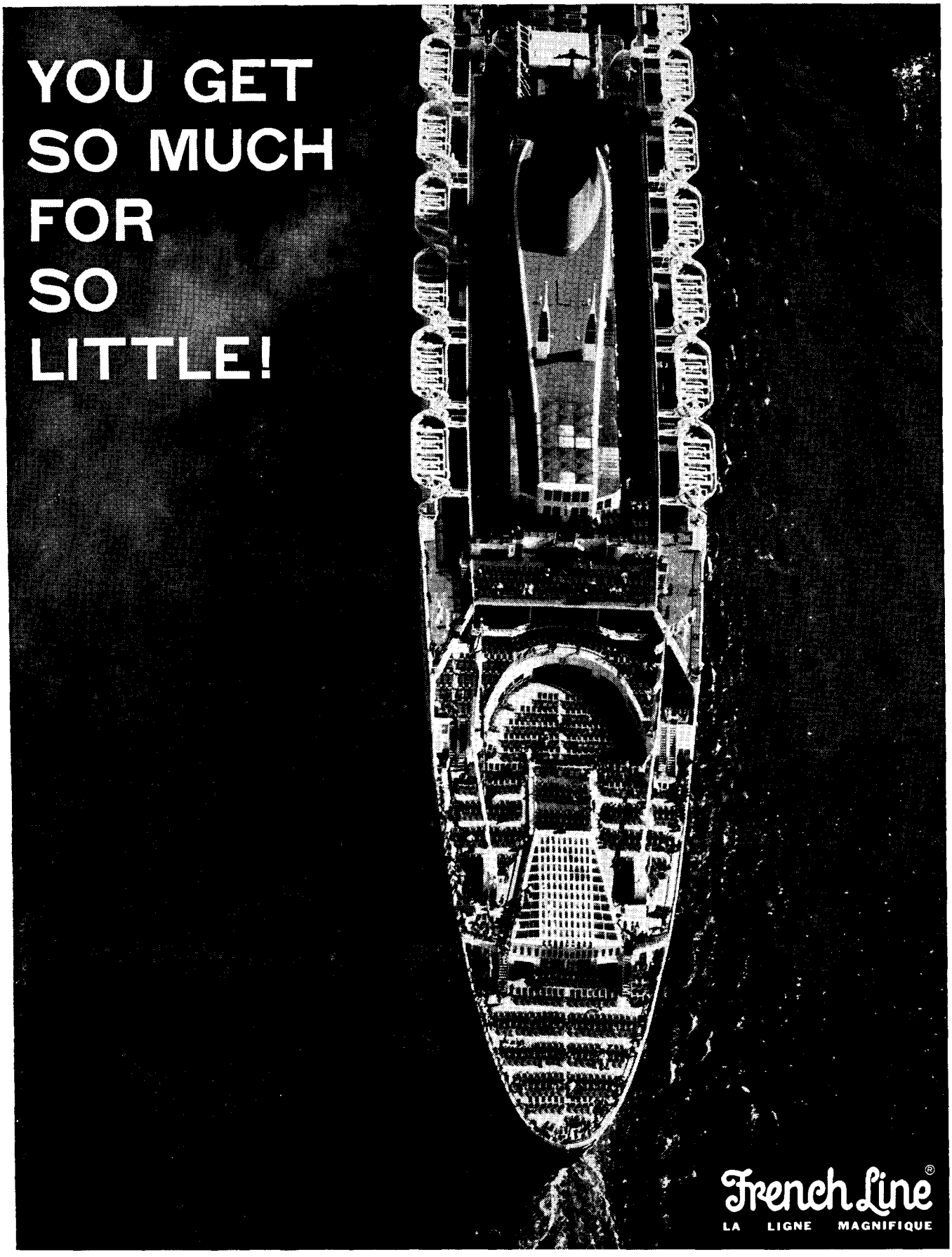

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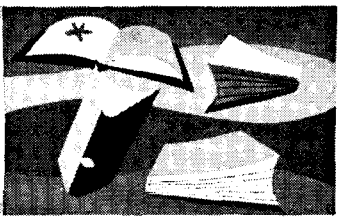


THE DEVIL WAS walking down Powell Street in San Francisco, Herb Caen writes in the *Chronicle*. He crossed at Geary just as a cable car came along and ran over his tail. He picked up the piece and was wandering down the

street when he met a cop. "Hello, there, Lucifer," said the policeman, "what are you doing here?"

Lucifer answered, "I'm looking for a place where they retail spirits."

A FEW MONTHS AGO the Orlando Chamber of Commerce sponsored a market in which they displayed to a group of about twenty travel writers and editors the good features of that part of Florida. They included citrus groves, waterskiing, and Cape Canaveral. Stephen J. Flynn, one of the writers, tells me he heard some fine examples of what he calls "Capese," the strange language that has developed in the missile world.

The group was shepherded by second lieutenants who spoke Capese, even carrying the language barrier to the point where, when a travel writer asked a question, the second lieutenant would repeat it aloud—after rephrasing it. At one point the men were staring down into a silo at a wicked-looking Minuteman. One asked, "How long does it take to shoot the damn thing?"

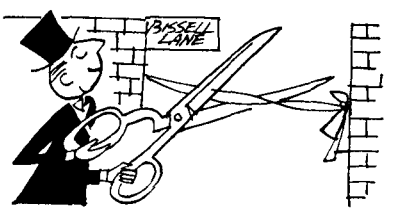
The guide cleared his throat and in a loud voice translated for the whole group, "The question is—what is our reaction time?"

A REVIEW in the August 4 issue of the *Los Angeles Times* caused quite a stir in the book world there. The book is *The Quest of Annie*, by Fielding Edwardes (Random, Houghton & Stein Co.). William Fadiman, producer, author, and story editor, praised the book in his review with such comments as "hypnotically absorbing" and "the first paragraph is enough to rivet anyone's attention." "Stay away from this book if you don't want to read it," he warned. "A gutty treatment of sex, yet as delicate, exquisite as snowflakes," cried the headline.

LA went wild. Over 2,000 orders were received by Martindale's, Pickwick, Westwood, and smaller bookshops. Public libraries got requests for *The Quest of Annie*. The *Times* received hundreds of phone calls and letters. Irate authors phoned Robert Kirsch, book editor, complaining about the undue space allotted to the book—in contrast to that given their own works. A motion picture company castigated its story department for not covering the book in galley proofs long before publication.

You guessed it. There is no such book or author. All of the thousand words of praise were taken from a single issue of *The New York Times Book Review*. Bob Kirsch ran the parody to prove that some people are gullible and read too fast. Maybe he's got something by the tail. I believe, however, that the first publisher who could come up with a real *Quest of Annie* would have a best-seller.

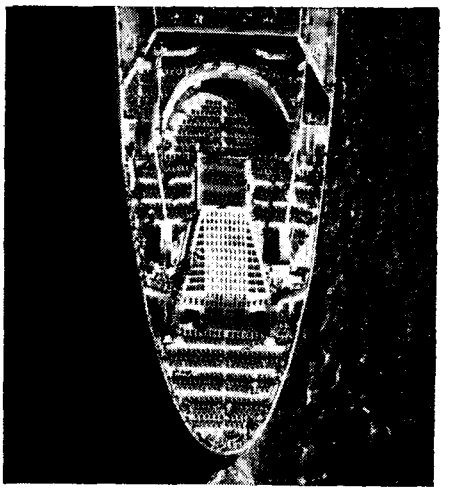
ON THE OTHER HAND, there really is a Richard Bissell, and there really are a number of books like *7½ Cents, Say, Darling,* and the recent *You Can Always Tell a Harvard Man*, plus the theatrical shows that have made him a pot of money. Bissell now lives in the East, in sight of the ocean, but he keeps houses and boats on and near



the Mississippi River in Dubuque, Iowa, his home town. I may be wrong, but I'd guess Bissell spends as much time there as in Connecticut and New York.

And they love him in Dubuque, where the Bissells were pioneers. The people have even become used to the fact that Dick is an author. Last Fourth of July the city paid its respects to him and his family by naming a tiny little alley Bissell Lane. Then they had a big ceremony in which they renamed the harbor at the foot of 16th Street.

The author's mother, Mrs. Fred Bissell, Sr., stood on the upper deck of



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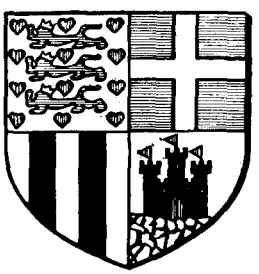

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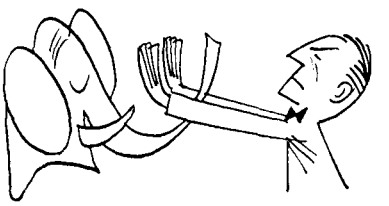
the *Julie-N II* to toss a wreath onto the waters to commemorate the occasion. The wreath caught on the arm of spectator and missed its target. E a former riverboat pilot, climbed do and retrieved it, to the cheers of the multitudes. On the second try, the wreath landed on Bissell Harbor, a very nice stretch on the river.

SHARPS AND FLATS: Kimon Friar is going to edit the luxurious new quarterly about Greece to be entitled *Greek Heritage.*

► Charles B. Anderson notes that the most profitable department in his highly successful Larchmont, New York, bookstore is the lending library. He tells how he does it in an article in *Publisher's Weekly.*

► Thank you very much, but please don't send me any more of those elephant stories. We scooped *Time* magazine and *The New York Times,* and *Seventeen* scooped us so call it quits.

► Some friends have a cat that scratches the furniture. To cure him, they'd grab him and throw him outside when he did it. So now when he wants



to go out, he scratches the furniture and runs to the door, waiting to be put out. If no one complies, he goes back and scratches some more furniture.

► Mrs. Ford Haskins, booklady at Jacquin's in Peoria, will never forget a local student's request for a copy of Caesar's *Garlic Wars.*

► And I'll never forget Thurber's sentence illustrating wrong usage of "pretty" and "little." He imagined a visitor to the city remarking, "That building is pretty ugly and a little big for its surroundings."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1535)

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Then came Munich, Peace in Our Time, followed by the years of the Second World War, the Korean War, the cold one, fallout shelters — you don't know how short life is till you start to add up how much is wasted. The joy of living is diminished by just that much.

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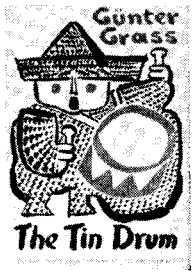

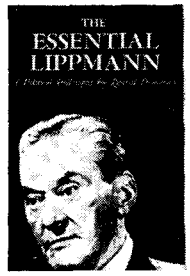

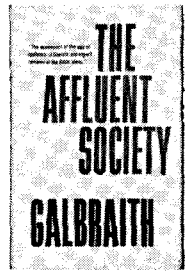

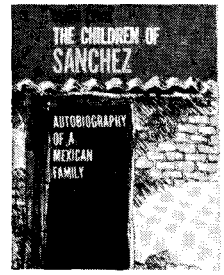

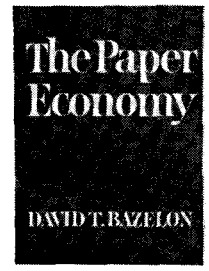

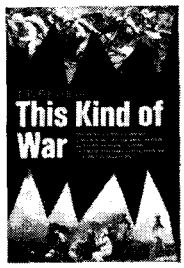

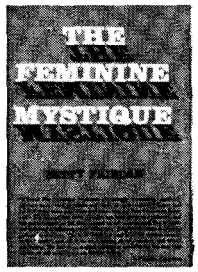

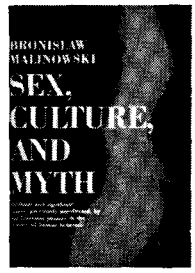

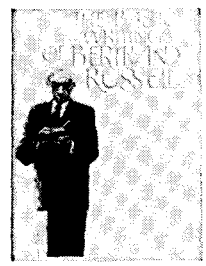

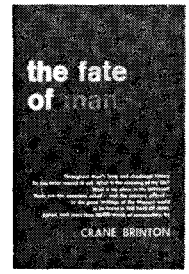

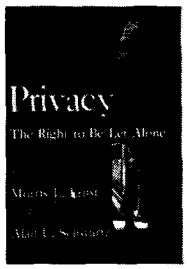

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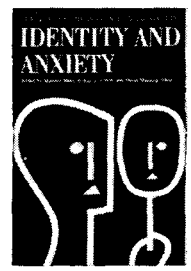

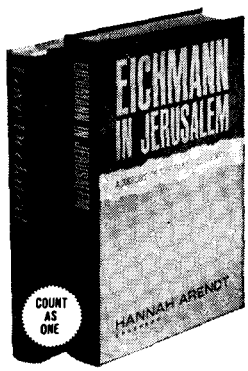

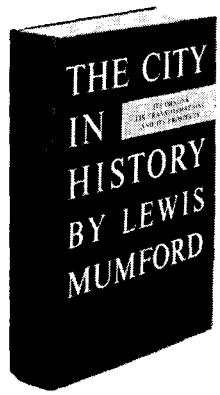

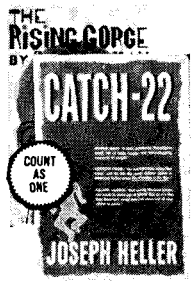

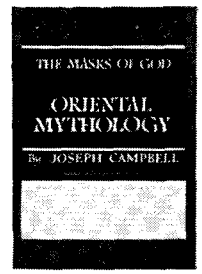

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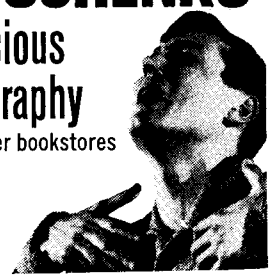

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—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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Weight controllers need the best kind of help, including the physician's personal guidance

ANYONE WHO HAS TRIED to lose excess weight knows that it is not easy to change those eating habits and exercise patterns which contributed to adding the extra pounds in the first place. And it is sad, but true, that most of the people who do manage to shed weight put it back on within a short period of time, especially if the loss was due to reliance on the latest fad or crash diet.

Successful weight reduction and weight control, over a long-range period, requires changes in one's way of living, and it is foolish to torture one's self with attempts at weight control unless one is willing to make these changes. To change some lifetime habits requires not only strong personal motivation to do so but also the help and sympathy of others—members of the family, friends, and, very important, the physician who knows and understands the person. The physician plays a key role in successful weight control because he can determine how much weight, if any, should be lost. He can outline clearly the health hazards involved to the individual if weight reduction is not accomplished, and oftentimes he is in a better position than anyone else to talk bluntly and forcefully about the rate of progress in losing excess pounds.

From many studies which have been conducted to determine how weight reduction may be most effectively achieved over a long-range period it has been concluded that diet changes and exercise are especially important.

DON'T TRY DRASTIC DIET CHANGES

There may be special reasons for a physician to recommend to a specific patient that he or she use special dietary foods to lose weight. However, in most cases, the sound approach to balancing calorie intake with calorie needs is to select foods from the four basic food groups which nutritionists agree provide all the necessary nutrients the body needs for good health. By selecting foods from the normal well balanced diet program, the weight reducer can eat with the rest of the family and does not attract special attention to his eating pattern.

The weight reducer must regulate the quantity of food intake so that the total calories consumed are less than daily calorie needs. This does not require cutting out any foods normally eaten, but it does mean reducing the amount eaten and perhaps more careful trimming of the fat on some foods.

The well balanced diet, for the person who wants to lose weight as well as for the person who wants to maintain weight, should include selections from four food groups:

MILK AND DAIRY FOODS: Milk provides an abundance of essential food nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories. Two 8-ounce glasses of milk (or their equivalent in other dairy products such as cheese or ice cream) per day provide for an adult man approximately 25 percent of his daily protein needs; 71 percent of his calcium (yes, adults do need calcium even though they have completed growth of bones and teeth); 15 percent of his vitamin A; 46 percent of his riboflavin; 10-12 percent of his thiamine; 10-13 percent of his calories. The percentages for an adult woman are just slightly higher because of the woman's generally lower level of need for these nutrients. Since the weight reducer must have essential food nutrients such as protein, minerals, and vitamins, he should select foods like milk which provide these nutrients at a relatively low cost in calories.

MEAT, FISH, POULTRY, EGGS: Two or more servings each day from this group provide additional protein, iron, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin. Weight reducers can lower calories by selecting the lean cuts of meat.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS: Four or more servings each day from this group, including a citrus fruit or vegetable high in vitamin C and a dark-green or deep-yellow vegetable for vitamin A, do not cost much in calories but do provide important nutrients.

BREADS AND CEREALS: These foods provide protein, iron, B-vitamins, and food energy (calories). Weight reducers should keep the total calorie count in mind in selecting foods from this group.

Balance—in both nutrients and calories—is essential to weight reduction and maintenance. Weight will go down if the body uses more calories than are consumed, but it is unwise to attempt to reduce calorie intake through eliminating certain foods or relying upon strange special dietary foods that could not serve satisfactorily in the lifetime eating pattern.

DAILY EXERCISE IS IMPORTANT

Weight control studies have also shown that it may be easier to lose pounds if a regular exercise program is adopted. This need be nothing more than a daily walk. The regular exercise not only uses up calories but also seems to stimulate the person to the point of making the weight control program easier to adjust to and to accept.

Carrying excess pounds is dangerous to health as well as unpleasant. Changing one's eating and exercise habits to reduce weight is not easy to accomplish, but adopting a sensible plan of weight reduction such as we have outlined here does make the job much easier and increases the chances for success over the long-range.

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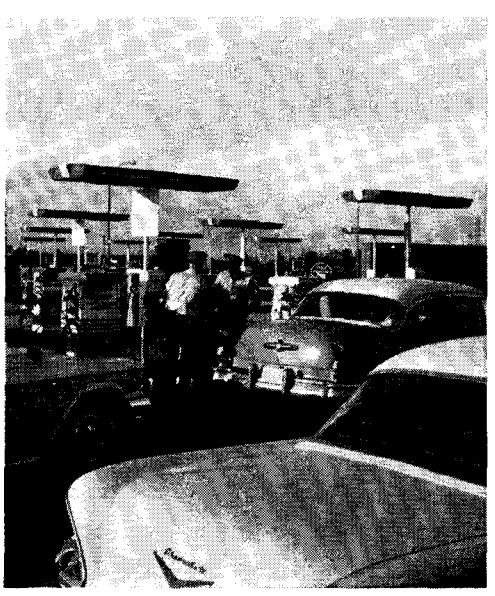

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Saturday Review
September 14, 1963

By John Ciardi

Dialogue with an Audience: The First Seven Years

IT IS NOW seven years since I began to offer my views to *SR*'s readers, and the readers to offer their sometimes emphatic views to me. Whatever my interior monologue with the typewriter when I first began, it did not remain a monologue for long. I have been having a dialogue with an audience.

The most characteristic thing I know about that audience is that to write for it is precisely to engage in a dialogue.

The "Letters to the Editor" page is *SR*'s family rumpus room and anyone may join in the free-for-all. Let me say that I have refused to take any part in selecting the letters to be printed on that page. Three or four times in the last seven years, the editor has sent me letters he thought involved *SR* policy and has asked me to reply. With those exceptions, I read the letters to the editor when the readers do—after they have appeared in print.

I do read them, to be sure, as I read the thousands of letters addressed directly to me. I have, moreover, crisscrossed the country on free-swinging lecture tours in the course of which I have talked to many thousands of *SR* readers face to face. By now I think I know this audience.

It is no monolithic thing: how could it be? But certainly its central characteristic is its profession of faith in the life of the arts, and its central merit resides in the fact that large parts of this audience not only profess that faith but live in it. If there is such a thing as a "general audience" for the arts in America, *SR* speaks weekly to several hundred thousand members of that audience in the cities, in the suburbs, and in the far reaches.

The idea of a general audience is not one that is received in universal good standing. The *avant-garde* is fond of mocking such an idea as middle-class and middlebrow. And it is true, I think, that this audience, at its lowest levels, falls into "the suburban vague" of those wilfully hopeful souls who chatter what should be spoken, and who play at what should be lived by. Yet, at its center—and above its center, at its best—this audience is most of what there is for the arts to speak to today.

Poetry is the least engaged art in any modern society. It is the habit of our cultural pretensions to invite it to the wedding, but only as an attendant. At dark times, I am half ready to think it does no good to address a general audience for poetry; that poetry is, finally, for none but the passionate marriage, and, like all that is passionate, is necessarily more than an attendant grace (which is to say, a part-time venture).

Perhaps what is wrong with all our lives is that none of us is born with enough experience to qualify as a specialist, while the forces of our comfortable, conforming (and yet, let it be noted, uneasy) society too readily persuade us to remain unspecialized in our own perceptions. We are all—all but the best and rarest of men—given to more emotions than passions. To the extent that only psyches of special intensity can achieve a passionate and liberating involvement in their own lives, the art of enlarging one's own awarenesses may be only for the specialist. It is not easy to endure a change of imagination. That man is mad who thinks he may, by mere "general interest," achieve the special perceptivity for which a Dante must prepare himself by rigorous (and joyfully rigorous) disciplines. Since poetry is passionate or nothing, it is pointless to try to bring it to those who dabble in amateur easiness. If the general audience offers no more than that amateur easiness, there can be no hope of bringing art to such an audience.

But if that hope is foregone, we might as well tear down our liberal

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JOHN CIARDI, *SR*'s poetry editor, has now completed seven years on the masthead. To mark his anniversary, J. B. Lippincott invited him to bring together a collection of the articles he has written for *SR*. When the articles were gathered, however, the resulting volume threatened to run to over 900 pages and the collection had first to be pared down and then divided into two volumes, the first of which, *Dialogue with an Audience*, will be published later this month. A second volume, *Manner of Speaking*, will be forthcoming, probably in 1964. Read as a whole, the collection makes it clear that our poetry editor has indeed been having a dialogue with *SR*'s readers. This dialogue has progressed year by year into an impressive summation of the nature of poetry and of the situation of poetry today. Here, in an adaptation from the preface to the first volume, Mr. Ciardi presents his views on the *SR* audience, along with a retrospective look at the first seven years of his affiliation with the magazine.

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arts colleges and leave only the technical schools standing. For what justifies the liberal arts curriculum but its central effort to bring the passionate excellences of the arts—poetry among them—to a general audience of undergraduates who are not much different from *SR*'s general audience except in being younger, and many of whom are a part of the *SR* audience?

When I came to *SR* I was still a professor of English at Rutgers. I gave up teaching later because I found my own papers more interesting to work on than those of my students, and because I thought of a tax problem as more interesting than planned poverty. If one may choose his sins, greed recommends itself as at least a useful one.

As best a sinful man might, I had been trying for years to bring poetry to that general audience of undergraduates, and my heart was pure in that effort. I could not believe then, nor can I now, that poetry has no place among them, that there is no such thing as an unspecialized audience for poetry, or that the effort to discuss poetry with a general audience is a lost cause. Karl Shapiro has made the point that any piece of literature must finally be judged by nothing less than the total of those who speak its language, and if I may first underline the word *finally,* I must agree.

There is such a thing as the experience of the race on this planet. It is to the accumulating memory of that experience, generation by generation, that the arts speak, not to the mass audience of any one age. The final audience is mankind, not any given subscription list.

For the attempt to popularize poetry in terms of an immediate audience too often succeeds only in prostituting it. The audience must be brought up to the life of the poem, not the life of the poem down to the audience. Nor can everyone be raised to the height of good poetry. It takes attention, and the labor and joy of shaping one's attention are beyond the conversation of most minds.

Yet I cannot believe that only the specialist can talk to the specialist. That dialogue of specialist to specialist already exists in academic circles, nor am I inclined to argue for its suppression, though I believe it has developed a needlessly intramural language.

Significantly, as I believe, that language is more generally written than spoken. When I was teaching at Harvard I found myself in regular weekly talks over coffee cups with a good friend, a professor of philosophy and a specialist in esthetics. Our talks, I think I may say, were a love feast. We seemed to bring light to one another's thoughts and the more deeply we shone the light the more deeply we seemed to agree. Those were glorious talky hours, and one day my friend capped my pleasure by leaving with me a batch of monographs he had written for philosophical journals on the very subjects we had been discussing so long and so happily. I raced off to my cubbyhole in Warren House ready for joyous reading. And I was in despair by the end of the first paragraph. I simply could not understand what was being said. I tried. I gathered together an unabridged dictionary and several textbooks in esthetics whose glossaries or indices might explain the special language of the monographs, and I asked for help from friends who had majored in philosophy. I had to end by confessing defeat and I had to return the monographs with the embarrassing confession that I did not know how to read them. Their language was unknown to me.

Monographs for a professional journal may be a special case. But even the critics of the literary quarterlies lean needlessly toward jargon. Among them, none has produced a more specialized language than has Kenneth Burke. Burke's is not an unsolvable language, and the reader who will develop a tolerance for it will be rewarded. Yet, to note again the difference between the written and the spoken language of many critics, I must report that I have found Burke a greatly rewarding man to talk to and that his conversation conveys lively insights without requiring a glossary.

Praise all that makes visible. Yet I continue to sense in Burke's written language the—to me—appalling premise that the English language urbanely and sensitively used is not capable of describing its own poetic achievements and possibilities. Burke's written language moves in distrust of the very English whose poetry he discusses, and I am left no choice but to distrust that distrust.

The fit dialogue on poetry will take place in the mother tongue. It will phrase itself in what Dante called "the language of the court" and Matthew Arnold "the language of the center." For myself, I think of it not as the language of the man on the street, but as the language that would be spoken on the street if every man on it spoke his mother tongue in love and pride.

What I have written for *SR*, as fallibly as must be, has always been toward the dream of such a dialogue. My pieces in *SR* were not written to a pre-set program. Yet to the extent that all of them were written out of a developing editorial sense of *SR*'s particular (and particularly vocal) audience, they are all parts of one dialogue, and my special pleasure in gathering them together has been in finding that they do seem to fit together with some sort of continuity and coherence. Since that dialogue has been interrupted by controversial exchanges, my special hope in bringing them together is that the collected record may help set the controversies in scale.

The mask of innocence has never looked plausible on me and I shall not try to draw it on. I have yet to find much merit in innocence as a human condition and must prefer even imperfect knowledge to perfect innocence. Yet I must enter as a confession of ignorance, if not of innocence, that I simply did not foresee such hot and lengthy controversy as my views on poetry have called forth.

The hottest controversy, as *SR* readers know, raged around my review of *The Unicorn*, a review some readers took to be a calculated bid for attention—as if I could have dreamed that bad poetry could have become a two weeks' wonder as a national issue. I confess that I had not realized when I wrote that review how deeply many *SR* readers, particularly women in their fifties and beyond, had identified with Mrs. Lindbergh in what she had suffered, and, thus, in what she wrote. I did, however, labor carefully to make the opening point that I was not discussing Mrs. Lindbergh, but only that character-invented that every author must be within the role of his pen name. That distinction remains intellectually valid, I submit, and it will so remain after all of us are invalidly dead.

In gathering these pieces from the back-copies file, I have even discovered an earlier, though lesser, controversy I had not known about at the time it occurred. Let me begin with it.

In 1950-51 I was on a half-year leave from Harvard and my wife and I were church-mousing it into a full year in Europe. We were in London when the *Saturday Review of Literature*, as it was then called, cabled that Edna St. Vincent Millay had died; would I write a summary of her poetic career? I was a bit surprised by that request from across the water, for I had had only one earlier article in *SRL* ("What Does It Take to Enjoy a Poem?" *SRL*, Dec. 10, 1949). Once, however, I had read Millay with real passion, and I welcomed the idea of thinking back to that passion. The cable reached me late one Friday after-

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noon and copy had to be off by air mail on Monday morning. I began to make notes that Friday night but I had few books by me and none of Miss Millay's poetry. My head was still full of her lines, however, and I quoted from memory as I went. I spent most of Saturday prowling London bookstores for copies of her books in which I might check my quotations and reread her poems, but though I tried for eight full hours, I could not turn up a single copy.

I returned to my desk to scribble and revise (still quoting from memory), scribbled and revised again all Sunday morning and afternoon, and finally two-fingered the piece through the typewriter on Sunday night. I could scarcely pretend that the passion of my adolescence was still with me as I said the poems over to myself, but I found myself writing with the sort of nostalgia one might feel for a lost love. So passed Sunday. Monday morning I was at the American Embassy Library when the doors opened. There I found two volumes of the poems and managed to check three or four of my quotations. And by then time was up. I added a note to *SRL* explaining the state of the quotations and underlined the need to check all but the three or four I had marked with an asterisk. Then I dropped the whole thing in the mail and forgot about it.

We were in Paris when the article appeared (*SRL*, Nov. 11, 1950). I did not see it, nor did I know the quotations had not been checked. We were in Germany and then in Austria in December, January, and early February. I did not see *SRL* and I did not know that angry letters had been written to the editor. I first learned of those letters when I began to search the back files in preparing the present collection. I was immediately struck by the fact that the early letters were identical in their terms, tone, and preconceptions with many I later received.

The central preconception of all these letters of protest, early and late, involves an idea of poetry. Defenders of that idea like to say that poetry should be *simple*, *sensuous*, and *passionate*, but they never add what is also of the essence, that it must be disciplined and learned. (By "learned," let me say, I do not mean footnote-learned but, rather, responsive to millions of passionately registered details of the art of writing. Perhaps, most simply, I mean that the writer must come to his writing informed by the hundreds of wastebaskets he has filled with despairingly shredded manuscript.)

Most of the readers who have been outraged on critical (as distinct from personal) grounds favor *simplicity*, *directness*, *sense*, *beauty*, *inspiration*, and *message*—these are their chosen terms. They tend to hate—again their own terms—*difficulty*, *obscurity*, *unintelligibility*, *this modern stuff*, *analysis* (more often called *dissection* or *carping criticism*), and anything smacking of technical attention, which they tend to call *mere technical detail*. They want a poem to sit squarely on the page, each line to begin with a capital letter, and the whole thing to move to a mellifluous diction and a regular meter. Any departure from these norms is likely to strike them as *typographical absurdity*, *gibberish*, and *ugliness*. They have a predilection for what they call *beautiful images*, *the eternal verities*, and *elevation*.

BEHIND all these honorable terms, as I see it, they want poetry to be traditional, easy, and rather in the grand manner. They have a nearly endless tolerance for stereotypes—of phrase, image, rhythm, and attitude. And though they proclaim *the beautiful*, they are generally ready to settle for mere prettiness. Above all, they seem prepared to be offended by any poet whose work goes beyond what they studied in their two years of college literature courses, or who demands of them a mortal and venturesome mental effort.

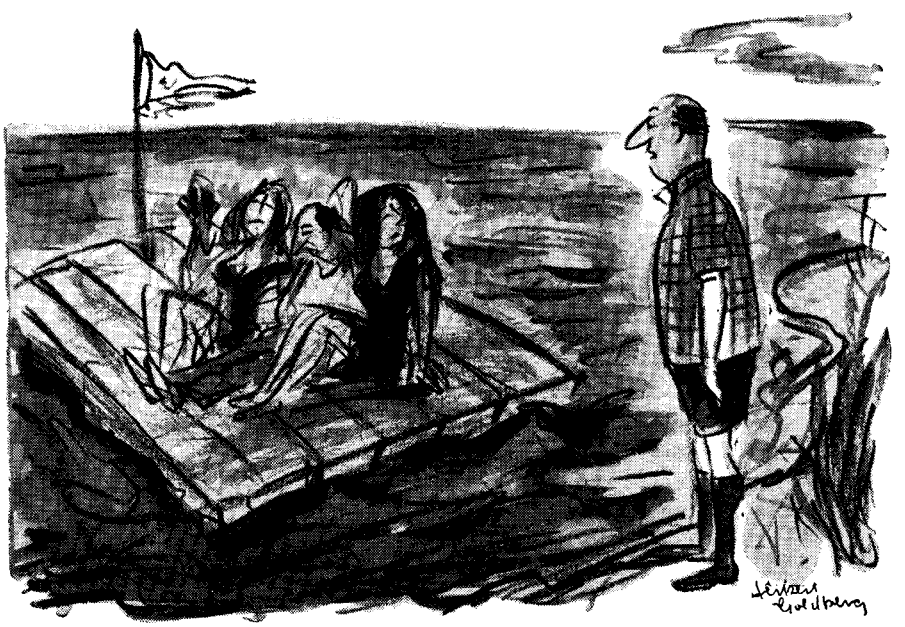
Poetry, I must believe, is a deeper engagement than the shriller lovers of beauty conceive it to be. Beauty and truth are no irrelevancies. Neither can they exist except as they are specified in the given form of a given work. The good poet makes beauty, but what he seeks is reality. It is on his way to reality that he captures specific instances of beauty. He knows, moreover, that the beautiful and the pretty are never the same thing. He does not write differently from the Romantic and Victorian poets because he hates them, but because he has to find the language, images, rhythms, and forms of a world the Romantics and Victorians did not know—a world in which serenity is not easily come by; of which discords and discontinuities seem to be a native idiom; in which a pretense to the grand manner is likely to feel like a lie (compare Frost's "Anything more than the truth would have seemed too weak"); in which ambivalence is a basic human condition and the claim to unmixed emotions is a denial of reality; and toward which doubt and self-doubt are measures of simple honesty.

If I have stated this difference in terms too heavily weighted in my own favor, any man may adjust the terms to his own taste and balance. Whatever the terms, I believe the core of all the controversies I have touched off at *SR* is in some such difference between a disciplined and an undisciplined esthetic.

Since the hatred of discipline is some sort of constant, a wiser man might have foreseen some of this controversy. The one series of hot letters that caught me entirely by surprise followed my article on Robert Frost ("The Way to the Poem," *SR*, Apr. 12, 1958). I recall passing the typescript to Peter Ritner, then *SR*'s feature editor, with some remark to the effect that "even *our* readers can't find a fight in this one."

I was wrong, but what they found to fight about that time was not even the everlasting *ad hominem*. To be

(*Continued on page* 79)



"I'm sorry, folks, but this is a private beach."

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Saturday Review

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The Spy as Anti-Hero

THIS has been a bullish year for espionage literature. In almost every drugstore and supermarket the book racks are ablaze with paperbacks detailing the adventures of Ian Fleming's fictional British agent, James Bond, who dotes on Bentley convertibles, Beretta pistols, and egregiously proportioned female spies.

Meanwhile, spurred on by Ian Fleming's success, the real-life espionage agents have been rushing their memoirs into print, sparing us no details of their life in the OSS, the CIA, Britain's MI5, and France's *Deuxième Bureau.*

The aficionado can even pick up in the bookstalls the espionage manual of the old Soviet NKVD, the book having been reconstructed from memory by a Soviet intelligence officer who defected to the West. Before long we may well be seeing such titles as *The Espionage Agent's Cookbook*, and *Spy Your Excess Pounds Away.*

But, unhappily for anyone who takes his Sax Rohmer and E. Phillips Oppenheim seriously, the spies depicted in these "fact" books seem a lackluster, antiheroic lot, concerned less with derring-do than with their expense accounts and job benefits.

One of these pallid real-life spies is described in *A Short Course in the Secret War*, a first-rate study of modern espionage written by an American Secret Service agent who styles himself "Christopher Felix." The spy in question was a young Harvard graduate whom Felix had recruited to carry out a delicate mission in a foreign country. When he learned that his "cover," or excuse for being in the country, was a lowly clerk's job in a shipping firm, the young spy drew himself up and exclaimed, "But you've got to give a man a cover he can be proud of!"

With such shopkeeping mentalities taking over, it may well be that we have seen the last of the all-purpose, one-man-gang agents like Ignatius Trebitsch-Lincoln.

Though his name is not widely known, Trebitsch-Lincoln, who died in 1943, is considered by initiates one of the most protean, devious, and effective secret agents of all time.

When he was born in Hungary in 1879, the master spy was named Ignaz Trebitsch. While still in his teens he decided to migrate westward, and so added the "Lincoln" in order, he explained, to strengthen his image.

For five or six years thereafter he made a living in England, Canada, and America by posing as a religious figure. He was in turn a Lutheran divinity student, a Presbyterian missionary, and an Anglican minister.

Then he became confidential secretary to a British multimillionaire, whom he battened on by forging checks and juggling the household accounts. His spare time was divided between earning money as a lecturer for the English Temperance League, and slipping off to the Riviera for drunken weekend orgies.

Eventually he decided to enter British politics, and in 1910 he was elected to the House of Commons: his chief sponsors were Winston Churchill and Lloyd George.

With the outbreak of World War I, Trebitsch signed on as a spy for England, and freely roamed the Continent and North America, taking on as his additional clients Germany, France, Russia, and Czechoslovakia. Naturally, each nation assumed it had him under exclusive contract.

His deception came to light only when, after the war, the intelligence services of the major powers got together to compare notes. When their shock at finding the master spy on everyone's payroll wore off, the Powers decided to banish him from Europe.

Undaunted, Trebitsch made his way to China, where he called himself He. Tolnai, and became chief adviser to Wu Pei-Fu, the country's most powerful warlord. This job soon palled on him, and escaping from Wu Pei-Fu's court he landed in a Buddhist monastery in Ceylon, where he became the abbot Chao Kung.

He later moved on to a Tibetan monastery, where he established connections with agents of the militaristic Japanese Black Dragon Society. Soon he was leading a band of anti-European guerrillas who lent tactical support to the Japanese invaders of China.

As a reward, the Japanese made Trebitsch head of a Japanese-backed, pan-Asian "League for Truth." In this post he became Japan's top anti-Western propagandist in Asia, meanwhile serving as chief adviser to K'Ang Te, puppet emperor of Manchukuo. According to testimony before the United Nations War Crimes Commission, Trebitsch died in China of cancer in 1943.

Probably it is just as well that the free-wheeling, self-aggrandizing mischief-makers like Ignatius Trebitsch-Lincoln are going out of style. For if we must have foreign agents pawing through our wastebaskets and monitoring our doings through one-way mirrors, it's somehow comforting to know that, like good organization men everywhere, they are just going through the motions till their old-age pensions come due.

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE PRICE IS WRONG

About the declining bookstore [Publishing Scene, Aug. 10], all the usual laments seem to evade the major issue, namely price. True, the bookstore has services to offer that can't be matched by book clubs or supermarkets or even book-gift stores. But as long as real bookstores insist on charging unrealistic list prices, they are candidates for decay.

Record shops should be in the same predicament as book stores, what with record clubs and record counters in every five-and-ten and supermarket. Yet many are thriving—even in rural areas. Tell me, when is the last time you paid list price for a record?

Martin Giesbrecht.
Wilmington, O.

WHO MISSED WHAT?

In his review of my book, *Subversion of the Innocents* [*SR*, Apr. 20], Robert Massie says that I missed "a key point: the magnitude of the Soviet failure in Africa and the Middle East."

However, it is Mr. Massie who missed a key point of the book: that the Communists have faltered indeed in these areas. Apparently, in thumbing through the volume, he ignored such oft-repeated statements as: "The Communists could realistically conclude that they still have a long distance to go before they have a foothold in Africa."

Nor is there any relevance in Mr. Massie's observation that I present no new evidence of Communist subversion in some of the sixty-odd countries I discuss. For the book is intended not simply as a handbook of Communist tactics, but as an appraisal of the extent to which historical circumstances and cultural conditions are conducive to the cultivation of communism.

Mr. Massie should read books he undertakes to review.

Dan Kurzman.
Washington, D.C.

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY

May I assure "Name Withheld" from Minneapolis, Minnesota, writing in the August 3 issue of *SR*, that the University of Minnesota sympathizes with her plea [for "educating the adult American male"] and is trying to answer it.

As co-founder and co-director of Minnesota's Plan for the Continuing Education of Women, I can assure "Name Withheld" that this pioneering effort, among others, was undertaken because of the enthusiasm and encouragement of intelligent and educated women in our part of the country. The "Minnesota Plan" is not a "Save-Our-Women" movement but rather an experiment in changing the educational pattern (*not* its content) to fit the busy schedule of the able, curious, adult woman. As the men in our community request similar consideration the university is experimenting with another new pattern. Liberal arts seminars held at times convenient for business and professional men, and designed for the informal, intelligent adult mind, are already being held in the Twin Cities.

Neither "Name Withheld" nor Arlene Wiggins, writing in the same issue, need be defensive. The number of women's continuing education programs that have sprung up throughout the country have done so only because of the confidence universities and colleges have in women's ability and motivation. They have no less confidence in the ability and motivation of men. The long-established curricula offered for adults by the innumerable university extension divisions here and in Canada are proof of that. Apparently we in the university need to dramatize our existing "projects for educating the adult American male."

If "Name Withheld" will furnish us with her husband's name and address we shall see what we can do to capture his attention. Let no one say that we ignore the requests of our constituents!

Mrs. Howard L. Cless,
Assistant to the Dean,
University of Minnesota.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"And don't *ever* lend my razor to that Delilah woman again!"

TOP TEN

In answer to Doris Barth's request for a list of the ten best novels published in English during the last ten years [*SR*, July 20], I recommend the following:

Saul Bellow: *Seize the Day*
Vance Bourjaily: *The Violated*
Chandler Brossard: *The Bold Saboteurs*
William Burroughs: *Naked Lunch*
Lawrence Durrell: *The Alexandria Quartet*
Norman Fruchter: *Coat Upon a Stick*
Joseph Heller: *Catch-22*
Bernard Malamud: *The Assistant*
Henry Miller: *Tropic of Cancer*
John Updike: *Rabbit, Run*

Ricky Ridgway.
Mentor, O.

I submit this list on what seems to me the most logical basis: during the last ten years these are the novels I enjoyed the most. Three of the last five are purely thrillers; the last two are translations into English:

David Walker: *Harry Black*
Walter Miller: *A Canticle for Leibowitz*
Richard Condon: *The Manchurian Candidate*
Vladimir Nabokov: *Pale Fire*
Kurt Vonnegut: *Mother Night*
Geoffrey Jenkins: *Twist of Sand*
Philip MacDonald: *The List of Adrian Messenger*
William Rawle Weeks: *Knock and Wait a While*
Mika Waltari: *The Dark Angel*
Nikos Kazantzakis: *The Greek Passion*

Frank J. Frost,
Professor of Ancient History,
Hunter College.
New York, N.Y.

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THE EVOLUTION OF MONSTERS

By MARSHALL FISHWICK

"THE PECULIAR V-shaped mouth with its pointed upper lip, the incessant quivering of this mouth, the Gorgon group of tentacles, the extraordinary intensity of the immense eyes were at once vital, intense, crippled, and monstrous. There was something fungoid in the oily brown skin, something unspeakably nasty. I was overcome with disgust and dread."

Are we down in Dante's *Inferno*, or another medieval nightmare world? By no means. These are words by a distinguished twentieth-century English novelist, H. G. Wells. Instead of disappearing, demons have recently staged one of the most remarkable resurgences in human history—in a century that was supposed to have dispelled them for eternity.

The monster rally has been staged in several genres, notably a relatively new one called science fiction. Emerging in the 1930s, and booming after World War II, the type is tied in with our new mass culture. Kingsley Amis's survey of the field has the intriguing title *New Maps of Hell.*

Imaginative literature stretches far back into time—at least to Homer's *Odyssey* or Aristophenes's *The Birds*—but what is now called science fiction is (like jazz or satellites) a product of modern culture. It is prose narrative treating of a situation that could not arise in the world we know, but which is hypothesized on the basis of some innovation in science or technology. It is pseudo-science or pseudo-technology—and plainly smacks of the demonic. Just as Satan tries to get around God, science fiction writers try to get around Einstein: more accurately, to sail straight through him. They "apply the space-warp" or "throw the ship into hyper-drive"; the ways of God give in to the ways of man. Here is *hubris* on an interstellar scale.

The pseudo-scientific tale of horror or wonder probably appeals to the same kind of personality that endorsed diabolism or witchcraft in ages past. They tingle at stories of unfriendly aliens who feast on human flesh before starting off to conquer the world; or of a *thing* whose "errand" consists of frightening to death the lover of a young girl, and then of eating her alive with his hideous yellow fangs. One recalls the ghouls, vampires, and werewolves of earlier days, though by comparison they seem tame and gentle. Consider, for example, the fate of Holly Kendall, whose story ("Legacy of Terror") appeared in a recent popular magazine. Driving through Vermont, to close out her deceased father's laboratory, she encounters a six-foot ant. Running from the monster, she meets a young man who turns out to be her own father transmigrated into a new body. With an "unholy glitter" in his eyes he suggests marriage (and thus incest). When she hesitates, he decides to kill her. Only the timely intervention of a king-sized killer bumblebee saves the day. When Holly tries to burn her father's journal, the Church enters the story in the form of the local parish priest. He prevents Holly from burning the diabolic journals, explaining "gently" that the scientific work must go forward, for all understanding leads to God.

WE must not read too much into what is generally mediocre writing (for example, it would not be wise to think of "Legacy of Terror" as being an anti-clerical story). But it *does* seem fair to suggest that all this essentially sub-literary verbiage does cast new light on the unconscious. Unless these stories answered some deep psychic need, they would not be read regularly by tens of thousands. H. L. Gold is right: "Few things reveal so sharply as science fiction the wishes, hopes, fears, inner stresses, and tensions of an era, or define its limitations with such exactness."

Critics consider Ray Bradbury the most talented science fiction writer; often he is featured in the bourgeois "slick" as well as the proletariat "pulp" magazines. Does he, too, give us sex spiced with a little sadism? Is he, too, hard at work drawing new maps of hell?

Fahrenheit 451, Bradbury's most successful novel, supplies the answer. It is not recommended for the nightmare-prone. The hero is a fireman named Montag. His job is not to *put out* fires, but to *start* them in houses that have books. As the Fire Chief warns all citizens: "Authors, full of evil thoughts, lock up your typewriters. . . . We must all be alike. Each man the image of every other, then all are happy. A book is a loaded gun in the house next door. Burn it. Don't give men slippery stuff like philosophy or sociology. That way lies melancholy."

We are not looking back at one of the diabolic Inquisitions but forward to a far more evil one. Even at their worst, past Inquisitors and Führers had to depend on other human beings to understand and enforce their will. Not Montag. He is assisted by the Mechanical Hound, who hunts down book-owners and other heretics. Who can escape from such technological vengeance?

Fahrenheit 451—the temperature at which books ignite—is one of a large number of *mene-tekel* utopias that confront the modern reader. Gone are the earlier utopias, those never-never lands of tomorrow, complete with blueprints. In their place are the dystopias, warning of Satanic fury in the days ahead.

Another science fiction writer, Damon Knight, depicts in *The Country of the Kind* a world made hellish by the elimination of human conflict. The hero is the last of the free-thinking artists. The authorities operate on him, and give him a nauseating smell that cuts him off from other living beings. His final call to action falls on deaf ears: "Pick up a sharp thing and stab, or a heavy thing and crush. That's all that will make you free."

Not unpopular ideologies abroad, but popular culture at home, has made possible the hellish *Brave New World* of Aldous Huxley. Freedom has been outlawed so that happiness and stability can be scientifically produced. Nothing is left to choice or chance. Love, marriage, family life have disappeared. Human beings are produced to quota in state hatcheries. Neither sex nor religion has been abandoned, however; instead they are interchangeable concepts. Soma, a harmless narcotic, produces beautiful visions; strawberry soma takes the place of eucharistic wine. Since most women are prenatally sterilized, sex is officially encouraged. Along with soma, it diverts the populace. Better a gram than a damn.

Soma, sex, and sports are the new Unholy Trinity in Huxley's diabolically brainwashed world. Even death has

(*Continued on page* 63)

This article is adapted from Mr. Fishwick's forthcoming book, *Faust Revisited*, an examination of modern versions of the Devil to be published by Seabury Press on Halloween.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Life Began in the Forties

AS I observed in my review of *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* (*SR*, Jan. 20, 1962), Muriel Spark is a master of the structure of the novel. She plays fast and loose with both point of view and chronology, taking chances no novelist ought to take; but she always knows what she is doing, and in *The Girls of Slender Means* (Knopf, $3.95) she again performs a small miracle.

The novel begins by establishing the mood of a particular and peculiar moment in English history:

> Long ago in 1945 all the nice people in England were poor, allowing for exceptions. The streets of the cities were lined with buildings in bad repair or in no repair at all, bomb-sites piled with stony rubble, houses like giant teeth in which decay had been drilled out, leaving only the cavity. Some bomb-ripped buildings looked like the ruins of ancient castles until, at a closer view, the wallpapers of various quite normal rooms would be visible, room above room, exposed, as on a stage, with one wall missing; sometimes a lavatory chain would dangle over nothing from a fourth- or fifth-floor ceiling; most of all the staircases survived, like a new art-form, leading up and up to an unspecified destination that made unusual demands on the mind's eye. All the nice people were poor; at least, that was a general axiom, the best of the rich being poor in spirit.

Soon, in this account of life in London between V-E Day and V-J Day, we concentrate on a particular institution, the May of Teck Club, founded by Queen Mary before her marriage to George V, when she was Princess May of Teck. According to the constitution, "The May of Teck Club exists for the Pecuniary Convenience and Social Protection of Ladies of Slender Means below the age of Thirty Years, who are obliged to reside apart from their Families in order to follow an Occupation in London."

Some forty girls live here, their eyes giving out "an eager-spirited light that resembled near-genius, but was youth merely." "As they realized themselves in varying degrees, few people alive at the time were more delightful, more ingenious, more movingly lovely, and, as it might happen, more savage, than the girls of slender means."

We meet some of them: Jane, who fancies herself an intellectual and works for a slightly disreputable publisher; Joanna, a clergyman's daughter who teaches elocution; Pauline, who pretends to be having an affair with a famous actor; Selina, who is made for love and is not one to dodge her destiny. There are others, including three older women who have been allowed to stay on at the club, and a variety of attendant males.

The girls are described with the wit for which Miss Spark is famous. "Joanna Childe had been drawn to this profession [elocution] by her good voice and love of poetry which she loved rather as it might be assumed a cat loves birds; poetry, especially the declamatory sort, excited and possessed her; she would pounce on the stuff, play with it quivering in her mind, and when she had got it by heart, she spoke it forth with devouring relish." Jane has a passion for men of books—"And it never really occurred to her that literary men, if they like women at all, do not want literary women but girls."

"We come now," Miss Spark announces, "to Nicholas Farringdon in his thirty-third year. He was said to be an anarchist. No one at the May of Teck Club took this seriously as he looked quite normal; that is to say, he looked slightly dissipated, like the disappointing son of a good English family that he was." Jane cultivates Nicholas, but it is Selina with whom he sleeps, frequently on the roof of an adjoining building. However, as one of the characters later observes, he is really in love with all the girls of slender means.

But long before we know all this, we have been told of Nicholas's end. In a long leap ahead in time that occurs early in the book, Jane, now a successful magazine columnist, calls a friend to report that Nicholas, who had

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become a missionary, has died a martyr's death in Haiti. This theme recurs all through the book as Jane telephones one friend after another. (Incidentally, these conversations give us glimpses of the girls as they have matured.)

Back, however, in the main story, "long ago in 1945," life proceeds gaily, and Miss Spark writes about it with what appears to be complete casualness. But when we are suddenly confronted with a tragic dénouement, we realize that we have been perfectly prepared for it. I cannot talk about this climax without spoiling its impact on the reader, but I can say that it is truly dramatic and brilliantly arranged. Looking back at the novel as a whole, one finds Miss Spark's skill little less than breathtaking.

For the most part, *The Girls of Slender Means* is a much less somber novel than some of those Miss Spark has written, particularly *Memento Mori*. Indeed, much of it is charming. But after all the gaiety and innocence and superficiality, we are abruptly reminded that tragedy is never far away from human existence.

Miss Spark is a convert to Roman Catholicism, and in some of her novels her religious beliefs play an important part. Here there is not a word about Catholicism; it is not even said specifically that Nicholas has become a Catholic, though one assumes that he has. However, the central theme turns out to be religious. Although we are told next to nothing about Nicholas's conversion, it is clear that something drastic happens to this dilettantish poet-anarchist as a result of the disaster that overtakes the May of Teck Club. Furthermore, it is true that the heroine of the disaster is the one girl who has deep religious feelings, and that her faith sustains her in her ordeal.

The novel, however, is not so important for depth of religious thought and feeling as it is for technical mastery and sheer power of insight. Miss Spark is able to create a world, standing at a certain distance from her people and yet never failing to see inside them. When she is witty, she is very witty indeed, and we smile with her; but, though she knows the weaknesses of her characters—including what is for her their central weakness, their lack of a true faith—her sympathy is unfailing. One of our most entertaining comic novelists, she is nevertheless perfectly serious. In each of her seven novels she has attempted something new, and in each she has had an impressive measure of success. None displays her many talents to better advantage than *The Girls of Slender Means*.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

THE PUBLISHING SCENE

Return of the Personal Publisher

DESPITE the evidence that book publishing costs, like everything else, have soared to the point where a great deal of capital is required, newcomers continue to come into the field and, surprisingly, some of them manage to hang on.

A good example is the Coleridge Press, of 60 East 42nd Street, New York, which consists of one man, Mr. Samuel L. Blumenfeld, and the ghost of one poet, Samuel T. Coleridge. The company is named for the poet, whom Mr. Blumenfeld admires, and its letterhead carries a quotation from "France, an Ode," beginning "Bear witness for me, where soe'er ye be." With this inspirational cachet Mr. Blumenfeld, a former editor at Grosset & Dunlap, is launching his fall list of two books with the practical *How to Become Head of Your Firm Before Forty*, by John D. Horn. Although he insists that it is just a coincidence, Mr. Blumenfeld himself is thirty-seven, and the head of his firm.

The Coleridge Press got its start by spontaneous generation. The firm of Paul S. Eriksson, on the other hand, began by dehyphenating itself from what was formerly Eriksson-Taplinger, Inc. With the help of his wife, who comes in half-days, and an answering service, Mr. Eriksson will have published seven books before the year is out, and one of these, *A Thousand Springs*, by Anna Chennault, has already sold 27,000 copies.

There is a third method of becoming your own publisher, and that is by spinning off from a parent body when the pace gets too dizzying. This is what happened, more or less, to Richard L. Grossman, who was whirling with Simon & Schuster as a vice president when he got the idea for his own firm. He is now a president, having left S&S a little over a year ago. The parting was amicable, even though Mr. Grossman took an assistant, Miss Jill Kneerim, and three authors with him, all of whom opted for the arrangement with the blessing of the old firm.

Grossman Publishers is located at 125A East 19th Street, hard by Gramercy Park. The "A" means that the firm occupies the basement. "Our ceiling is only six feet two inches high," Mr. Grossman explained the afternoon we called on him, "so we can't take any really tall authors. Couldn't have managed Thomas Wolfe, for instance. We really do have a low overhead." He laughed, and went on to say that he had put together all the office furniture himself out of modular units, and, just to keep it in proportion with the height of the rooms, sawed two inches off the desk and chair legs. "Can't have any long-legged secretaries, either," he added.

"We expect to remain small, bringing out about fourteen books a year. We have fourteen backers, which figures out to one for each book, and an advisory board of editors, which includes the painter Ben Shahn and Professor Eric Goldman of Princeton. Our fall list consists of six titles, one by Mr. Shahn *(Love and Joy About Letters)* as well as a volume of Henri Cartier-Bresson's greatest photographs, chosen by the master himself."

Of the four new publishers we talked with, Mr. Grossman has the most explicit philosophy of smallness. He aims to publish only quality books, on the principle that "somebody out there will like us," and he insists that the classical rule in publishing—that you have to bring out junky books to pay for the good ones—is a myth so long as you keep to an optimum size and don't get involved in the evils of bigness. On the other hand, there are disadvantages to being small, and one of them is that Mr. Grossman sometimes has to type his own invoices.

THE largest of the small firms, with a staff of four and a half compared to Mr. Grossman's three and Mr. Eriksson's one and a half, is Stein & Day. The "Day" in the title is really Mrs. Sol Stein, Mr. Stein being the company's president; and between them they are attending this fall to twelve books and six children. "Our aim is to do about twenty-five a year at most—books, that is," Mr. Stein announced. He frankly intends to specialize in titles that have a high subsidiary-rights potential, and, of the two dozen published or announced since the firm started operations in April of last year, more than half have been taken by book clubs of one sort or another.

Unlike most new businesses, the venture has been a success from the beginning. This has been gratifying to the company's fourteen stockholders (fourteen seems to be the magic number in this field), but it has also necessitated

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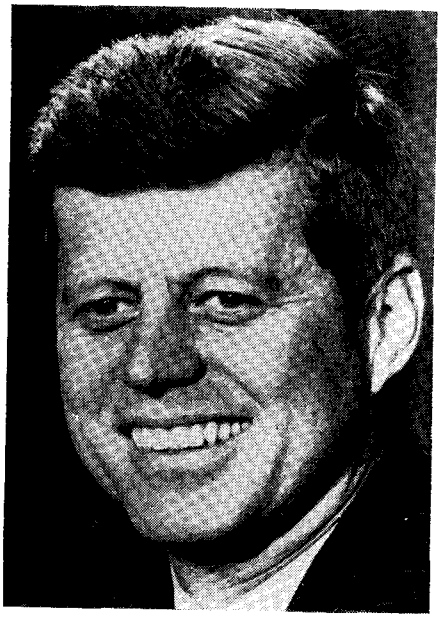
the removal of offices from the original (low overhead) premises to the present location at 7 East 48th Street. Mr. Stein also has a philosophy of publishing, although it is not one of smallness for its own sake so much as smallness for the sake of innovation. "The larger the firm, the less it is inclined to deviate from the traditional patterns that have dominated publishing since the nineteenth century," he declares. He wants to do things that start a trend, and expects to bring out small hardcover books at paperback prices. "In contrast to the current trend of small paperback books at hardcover prices?" we asked. Stein's initial innovation, Elia Kazan's *America, America*, consisted of the screenplay for a yet unproduced movie. After being translated into a number of foreign languages, and taken by the Readers Digest Condensed Book Club, it is now being made into the film it was intended to be all along. But variety is the keynote at Stein & Day, and the firm's fall list includes several juveniles, a book on judo, and a sociological study, *Passion and Social Constraint*, which, despite its title, is not likely to be a movie.

A unique feature of the publishing business is that a firm can remain small and still have an impact on the reading public. There were twenty publishers last year, for example, that brought out as few as five books each. A definition of smallness, of course, is highly elastic (Mr. Stein would seem to be pushing the upper limit with a projection of some twenty-five books a year); but I think it noteworthy that none of the four new publishers I talked with had any desire to emulate Harcourt, Brace & World or Doubleday. Idealistic and essentially nonorganization men for whom publishing is a personal commitment, they consider their role to be tastemaking as well as moneymaking.

And they are fortunate that they are in this field and not, let us say, machine tools; for publishing is notoriously hospitable to the newcomer, welcoming him at least partly out of nostalgia for the days when most publishers *were* small and personal. But it does more than welcome him: it sells his books. Taplinger Publishing Co. distributes both Eriksson and Coleridge Press titles, and Lippincott handles Stein & Day, while Grossman uses independent commission salesmen. There are hazards, too—undercapitalization is probably the most common cause of failure—and in any case smallness in itself does not guarantee success. What it does do is enable the beginner to indulge the ideals and innovations, to renew the challenge to large-scale publishing, that makes the business the exciting one it is. —DAVID DEMPSEY.

HEADS OF STATE

Citing a Torpedo-Proof President



John F. Kennedy—idealistic or "a shallow, smiling personality"?

JFK: The Man and the Myth. A Critical Portrait, *by Victor Lasky (Macmillan. 653 pp. $7.95), and* ***John F. Kennedy, President: A Reporter's Inside Story,*** *by Hugh Sidey (Atheneum. 400 pp. $6.95), react differently to the Chief Executive, about whom they reach similar conclusions. William Winter is a news commentator in California.*

By WILLIAM WINTER

JOHN F. KENNEDY is an unusual man in the White House. He is young, vigorous, handsome, engaging, and—as both Victor Lasky and Hugh Sidey explain—cold and unemotional. "Rarely, in American history," asserts Lasky, "has there been a political leader so obsessed and self-conscious about the figure he cuts in public." Sidey writes of an interview he had with the President: "I stood beside him in the Oval Office and tried for a few seconds to sum him up, and then I gave it up as I had every time for five years, because he is not a man who can be summed up, nor is the job, which consumes the man, something which can be summed up."

One wonders why The Job can't be summed up. It is a job that calls for a hard-bitten, horse-trading politician who must be completely unsentimental in his international dealings. The concern of national governments is seldom with the welfare of other peoples and other governments, but with their own goals. Perhaps then the ideal person for government leadership is the unimpassioned man Messrs. Lasky and Sidey portray.

Sidey says: ". . . the chemistry of the Kennedy soul cannot be explained in a simple equation. When sadness or self-pity or indifference or anger should be precipitated by bad news and bad events, they rarely can be found. Instead, there develops determination. It is not blind and unreasoning, not a flash of passion. It is a determination that every faculty must be sharpened and applied with double diligence, that only in this way can success be gained."

The two authors may reach similar conclusions but while Sidey writes sympathetically, Lasky is disdainful. "The President," he charges, "deliberately sought to focus attention on himself and his personality, obviously believing it was easier to change the minds of hostile voters about a man—a friendly, reasonable man with a lovely wife and vivacious children—than to convert them through the abstractions of a program."

At the beginning of his book Lasky asks: "Was it about the 1,200 anti-Castro invaders who met death or capture in the Bay of Pigs [that Ken-

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nedy was so anguished]? Or was it about the enormous damage done to the carefully cultivated Kennedy image as a knowing, sure-footed young leader?" Near the end of the book he confirms the answer his subtitle, "A Critical Portrait," leads us to expect: "Apparently, to Kennedy, the potential danger lay not so much in the Soviet military buildup in Cuba as in losing votes."

"As the glitter of the New Frontier wore off," Lasky remarks, "it became increasingly obvious that Kennedy had little else than his personality to sell to the American voter."

Many of us, as Hugh Sidey surely does, would take issue with this picture of a shallow, smiling personality. One has only to recall the break in Mr. Kennedy's voice when he asked at his recent news conference: "How many weapons do you need when there are on hand enough to kill 300 million people in one hour?" There is more to such a man than indifference to anything but his own political popularity.

Most leaders are remembered in history by their words. Without articulation they are lost. John F. Kennedy knows how to use words, and they are often good words—about the need for peace and law and an end to the arms race before it ends the human race, about the need for equality in employment and public services. The words reflect his objectives, but it remains for the practical politician to achieve them.

Sidey has watched his subject since Congressional days, traveled abroad with him, and reported on him as *Time*'s White House correspondent. With a closer view than Lasky's—possibly softened by the Kennedy charm—Sidey offers mellower judgment, a kinder and far more balanced evaluation.

The Lasky volume, on the other hand, is crowded with statements about Mr. Kennedy by commentators and politicians in both conservative and liberal camps (and the research is little short of prodigious). But the material quoted seems marshaled only to substantiate the author's preconceived conclusion, and one soon wonders if there isn't anybody who ever had a good word to say for JFK.

However, when we are told that the President is hard and self-centered, mainly concerned with his political fortunes, we are being told he is a good politician. Politicians are driven by such factors, and it is unhappily necessary that in a tough institution like a national government, we need a resolute executive. Fortunately, this one has ideals, too.

As He Matured, Prussia Grew

The Making of Frederick the Great, *by Edith Simon (Little, Brown. 296 pp. $6.50), shows how early the qualities of the mature monarch manifested themselves. Joachim Remak is a visiting associate professor of history at Indiana University at Bloomington.*

By JOACHIM REMAK

THIS is a fine book about a great king. Edith Simon, so far distinguished chiefly as a writer of historical fiction, has here tried her hand at some straight history, and the result is a pleasure.

The book has its self-imposed limitations. No primary sources seem to have gone into its preparation, nor do any truly new interpretations emerge. But Miss Simon has obviously read the secondary materials with care and intelligence. There is neither hero-worship nor debunking, neither false pathos nor pious censure. And she allows the story to tell itself; the author is not forever at the reader's elbow, tugging at his sleeve and saying, "Look how clever I am." Anyone who has ever been irritated by the insularity of the London *Times Literary Supplement* may find it hard, however, to resist the temptation of qualifying his praise of Miss Simon's style in one regard: some of her Briticisms take a bit of getting used to—but get used to them one does.

The story of Frederick the crown prince and young king is all the more impressive and dramatic for its lack of embellishment, and for having the chief characters do their own talking. As they do, one is struck by how early most of the qualities of the mature king manifested themselves: his strength of character, the intensity of his passions, his sharpness of mind and tongue.

We see the eighteen-year-old prince, facing his inquisitor. No longer able to stand the daily insults of his father, Frederick William, meritorious king and atrocious parent, Frederick has decided to escape from the Prussian court, is promptly arrested, and is about to face a trial for desertion. A commission of inquiry now presents him with a list of 185 questions, all framed by Frederick William, and all designed to trap the crown prince. We might pause for a moment after each question and ask ourselves what our answer might have been, and then go on to see how Frederick, little older than a high school senior, copes with them.

QUESTION: What punishment would the Prince consider fitting for his crime?
ANSWER: The Prince would throw himself on the King's mercy.
Q.: What in the Prince's opinion are the deserts of one who has trodden honor underfoot and plotted desertion?
A.: The Prince does not think he had acted dishonorably.
Q.: Is such a one as he fit to rule?
A.: The Prince could not undertake to be his own judge.

Miss Simon quotes some of Frederick's later sayings, two of which at least are too good not to quote again. On Baron Pöllnitz, gossip writer of libelous propensities but *raconteur* of talent: "Entertaining at table; should be locked up between meals." On himself, and why he had really entered the Silesian war: "I was young, had plenty of money, a big army, and wanted to see my name in the newspapers."

There was a bit more to it than that, obviously; and Miss Simon does well at taking over where Frederick's *bon mots* stop. Let us hope for a second volume from her on the king as a middle-aged and old man.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1049

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1049 will be found in the next issue.

MZA ZBFWCEOMOFK PF MZA

CBQQ SBR GA B YPEKAER.

ZPWKXPF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1048

The test of a vocation is the love of the drudgery it involves.

—SMITH.

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Findings on the Loss of Hope

Essays in Aesthetics, *by Jean-Paul Sartre, translated by Wade Baskin (Philosophical Library. 94 pp. $3.75), probes the situation of several artists in despair over a world of their own making. George W. Linden is a professor of philosophy at Southern Illinois University.*

By GEORGE W. LINDEN

TWO STYLES dominate contemporary philosophy: the clear and the involved. The Analysts have perfected clarity to a point that is almost trivial. This makes easy reading. Their Continental contemporaries, however, have concentrated on the complicated. Nevertheless, Language Analysis has had practically no impact on the consciousness of the public; Existentialism has. The reason is obvious. While the Analysts have tortured themselves with the vagaries of ordinary usage, the Existentialists have addressed themselves to the problems of men, not of symbols.

This book of five popular essays is about men who happen to be artists, but Sartre constantly affirms that they are primarily men. They are men who are strangers and in despair—not in a world they never made, but in a world of their own making. Thus, while it may be viewed as a book of essays in criticism, it is criticism only by indirection. Sartre's real goal is to recreate the situation of the artists he portrays so the reader can, by an effort of imagination, project himself into the artist's world. Sartre's use of the present tense is perfectly suited to this task.

The first and longest essay is an attempt to relive Tintoretto's anguish. Sartre reveals Tintoretto as an aesthetic Darwinist, a trickster of utility. But it is not Tintoretto's false value standards that Sartre believes were the basis of his despair. Tintoretto's great sin was that he played it safe. Yet he was condemned to reveal his public to themselves as they were: petty bourgeoisie.

Two essays are devoted to the works of Giacometti, a man haunted by the humanity of distance. They are reminiscent of Ortega's discussions of the "hollow space" in modern art. Another is as short as its subject matter: the small delights of Alexander Calder.

Sartre—no forced word-wedding.

It is the central essay, the only one not reprinted from *Les Temps Modernes,* which presents Sartre's aesthetic theories. He argues that painting consists of two unities: the visual, or composition, and the invisible, or presence. Since the work of art is an imaginative object, construction must be transcended. The artist personalizes objects; he captures the redundancy of experience in expressive form. Yet the artist knows only what he intends. It is the critic, using the standards of complexity and fertility, who must judge what has been done. But, Sartre argues, it is the invisible, imaginative presence that is the ultimate standard. An art work must be as indivisible as an emotion. A *merely* compositional painting is a contingent absurdity.

These essays thus embody theory and practice. They repeat the ideas of Sartre's *L'Imaginaire* and apply them to specific situations. In both phases one theme is basic: the centrality of the object.

Sartre's usually complex approach has been abandoned. Absent are all the hyphen-happy phrases and forced word-weddings. Professor Wade Baskin must be praised for this clear translation.

Still, in spite of their comprehensibility, the essays are marred by effusive adjectives. This overblown romanticism is very funny. And, after all, one dare not take it too seriously for is not "the spirit of seriousness" a symptom of "bad faith"? Sartre may be distressed, but his essays fulfill classical standards: they amuse and inform.

Fangs of a Cultural Watchdog

Acid Test, *by John Simon (Stein & Day. 288 pp. $5.95), a chronicle of new books, films, and plays, deplores the vulgarity of our popular arts. Emile Capouya has contributed essays to many literary magazines.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

THE PUBLISHER has tried to make a handsome book out of this collection of essays, articles, and reviews. He has also tried to present John Simon as a kind of Genghis Khan. Taking off from the title, and conveniently confusing the "acid test" with a test for acid, he has adorned the front of the jacket with strips of litmus paper, each strip bearing a legend that announces the fall of some citadel of criticism. The back of the jacket offers quotations from the text. These too are selected to give the impression that Mr. Simon is a terrible fellow.

But, as everyone knows who has seen Mr. Simon's reviews and essays in periodicals, he is not a mad-dog killer, merely a critic, and a pretty good one at that. His particular virtues are wit and verbal energy, a love of literature and the arts, lots of information, strongly defined tastes, and a conviction that aesthetics and morality are not unconnected. He also has plenty of vices. They include being clever out of season, occasional rudeness, and an eagerness to dig his own grave. "When broke, order champagne," said the darling wastrel. Mr. Simon's version might be, "When dead wrong, shout."

Attention, playwrights, novelists, scenarists, and poets! Please produce more works that will repay an intelligent man's scrutiny. Otherwise, most of Mr. Simon's energy will be expended, as in this book, on trivial and shoddy things. As a literary journalist, Mr. Simon keeps a chronicle of new books, new films, new plays—retails, that is, the news of the arts. And any-

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thing is interesting while it is new. But cheap and foolish things incite Mr. Simon to cleverness, even to superciliousness; when collected into a book, large sections show up as smart chatter about yesterday's mistakes.

If Mr. Simon is often condemned by the insubstantial nature of his subjects to spinning his bright wheels and making more dust than mileage, there is disquieting evidence that he likes it that way. In order to wrest significance from tenth-rate art, one would have to show how that art is related to our tenth-rate lives. That Mr. Simon regularly declines to do. He praises Kenneth Tynan for doing it, but praises him with one drooping and one auspicious eye. He finds Mr. Tynan's political radicalism callow, and, in an essay that calls the latter our best drama critic, quotes a line to illustrate what he most esteems in the English writer's matter and manner: "As Lavinia, Vivien Leigh receives the news that she is about to be ravished on her husband's corpse with little more than the mild annoyance of one who would have preferred foam rubber." Can Mr. Simon be, at times, frivolous? He can.

And something less forgivable: he is a critic rather too ready to concede the defeat of the democratic ideal. The vulgarity of our popular arts he is inclined to attribute to "the democratization of culture," *i.e.*, to the fact that culture has got into the hands of those vulgarians, the people. Mr. Simon, Mr. Simon, you should be more polite to us. In the long struggle for a humane polity and culture, we have not yet begun to fight.

Let us now praise famous editors. I quote from the inside back flap of the book jacket: "The editor who first collected James Baldwin's essays *Notes of a Native Son* and Leslie Fiedler's first book of essays *An End to Innocence* (both books helped establish the authors' important reputations) now presents a third book which merits the same attention."

Who can that editor be? Maxwell Perkins? Sol Hurok? There was a time—taking the theatre as an example—when the playwright was the center of the enterprise. Then came the age of the star-actor. Then (in my youth) the director was the focus of interest. Now it is chiefly the producer. Soon it will be the bank. To return to books, can we have reached such a point in the decline of letters that publishers' editors are become impresarios? God forbid. Samuel Johnson, in his dictionary, showed a much better spirit when he came to define his own calling of lexicographer. Adapting his definition to our case, we get: "Editor. A redactor of manuscripts. A harmless drudge."

Discomfort of the London Cog

Time of Arrival and Other Essays, *by Dan Jacobson (Macmillan. 198 pp. $3.95), records a young South African's impressions of London, along with his views on Africa, Israel, and literature. Marghanita Laski, English novelist and critic, reviews regularly in The Times Literary Supplement, The Observer, and The Manchester Guardian.*

By MARGHANITA LASKI

IF YOU want to know what modern London is like, read the title essay in Dan Jacobson's *Time of Arrival.* He came to England some years back, a young South African Jew who wanted to be a writer. In all England he had only two acquaintances, neither of whom he liked very much. He took lodgings in Hampstead, where a lot of students and foreigners do take lodgings—drab Hampstead, of course, not that elegant enclave Old Hampstead—and which has the highest suicide rate of any borough in London. With no one to see and nothing to do beyond some part-time teaching in an Orthodox Jewish school in a poor area, he got to know a London.

A London, a certain London, is all anyone can know, whether it be a dream-city or a reality. There are a lot of Londons knocking about now: Establishment London and Vogue London and Rachman's London and all the Londons that lie behind them in time—Shakespeare's, Johnson's, Fielding's, Dickens's, and Michael Arlen's, not to speak of the procession of dream-Londons that Virginia Woolf created in *Orlando.* London must be a palimpsest for all of us; but for a synthesis of London today, clearly seen in its dignity and squalor, Dan Jacobson's is the best description I have read. It is horrible and it is fair, seen with a kind of virgin clarity that makes the more shocking his just observations of this "rundown, decaying, sagging, rotten city."

Because what he has to say is in effect, though not in intention, shameful, I must add that he notices something about the people of the city, the thing that, when all's said and done, makes England a good country to live in. Something, he says, has been learned in England and one of the words he tries out for this is benignity. It has something to do, he seems to be saying, with having nearly mastered the restraints and civilities necessary to living amicably in the overcrowded ugliness of a modern city.

This is, of course, something we like and perhaps have to believe about ourselves, but the next essays, which are about the race riots in Notting Hill and about the Fascist leader Sir Oswald Mosley, shake one's confidence. It is in the first part that Mr. Jacobson says the things that make his book valuable, and for these it should be read. But later on one gets bored. Hardly ever is it worth a writer's while to reprint a collection of pieces on different subjec that were first written *ad hoc* for periodical journalism, and even more seldom is it worth his while to reprint his book reviews. What Mr. Jacobson has to say about South Africa and Israel would no doubt have been well up to snuff in the journals in which they first appeared; but more reverence is due to books, and hardcover perpetuation is here not justified. Again, the literary pieces on, among others, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Harriet Beecher Stowe would have read pleasantly enough as journalism but are not sufficiently substantial to be worth saving.

The book of reprinted pieces is always a temptation for a writer, and almost always it should be resisted. Journalism, if it is good journalism (and Mr. Jacobson's is certainly that), is written for a specific time, place, and space, and to be read in those contexts. Matter for a book is properly written under no restraint but that of the writer's intention. The reader rightly brings different expectations to journalism and to books, and he cannot be satisfied by finding in a book what would be perfectly adequate in a journal. Of course, there are exceptions t this general rule; but Mr. Jacobson's case only hardens it. Perhaps the fault is with a publishing trade that would not dream of issuing his fifty-page essay on London to stand alone as the piece of literature it is.

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Best of All Possible New Nations

Politics in Southern Asia, *edited by Saul Rose (St. Martin's Press. 386 pp. $10), views, for the most part optimistically, the governments of a dozen countries from Pakistan to the Philippines. The co-author of "Borderlands," Ferdinand Kuhn has made seven long journeys to Asia in recent years on newspaper and magazine assignments.*

By FERDINAND KUHN

OPTIMISM about non-Communist Asia is rare these days, no matter what the source. It is remarkable when, as in this book, the optimism comes from a dozen British and French scholars, surveying the vast and troubled regions which their countries used to rule. Hardly one of them suggests that the newly independent nations are going to the dogs.

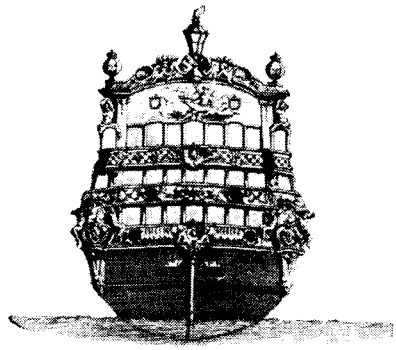
On the contrary, the contributors radiate patience, tolerance, and good cheer as they discuss the political systems that have appeared in Asia since the end of World War II. What if Asian politics look chaotic to Western eyes? Never mind, these experts seem to be saying: the Asians are evolving Asian ways of running their affairs, and they will work out their problems somehow, in God's good time.

The book deals with the politics of a dozen countries from Pakistan to the Philippines. Most of the authors are Europeans who seldom appear at conferences on Asian themes in the United States; only two are Americans. The chapters have been put together from papers read and comments delivered in a conference at St. Antony's College, Oxford, late in 1961. Some are country studies, providing useful political histories of particular nations. Other chapters, comparing political ideas and forces throughout the area, reject the pessimism of old-time European residents and American observers alike.

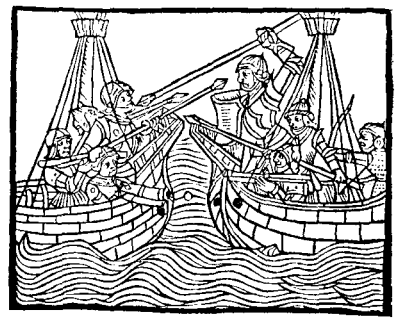
The European authors are the cheerful ones; the Americans, the doubters and worriers. Thus one Briton assures us that linguistic and local rivalries will not tear India apart; another, that of all the Southeast Asian countries "Burma is the most likely to create a social democracy in the years ahead"; still another finds the voters of Ceylon, for all their Marxism, well aware "that governments really can be changed by means of general elections." In Cambodia, a French scholar tells us, Prince Sihanouk is reverting to the ways of the great Angkor kings, "who had—at least some of them—a real contact with the people."

These Europeans do not fret, as Americans do, about the so-called retreat from democracy which has brought military rule to much of "free Asia." How can it be a retreat? As Francis Carnell, of the Institute of Commonwealth Studies at Oxford, rightly reminds us: "In most cases, liberal democracy [in Asia] has never been more than a façade." He is one of the few in this volume who do not let their optimism shut their eyes to unpleasant truths. Another is Rupert Emerson, of Harvard, who notes that opposition parties and the freedoms they require are banned in much of Asia; the opposition lives only in jail or in the jungle. He wonders whether Asians are really eager to have the substance of democracy.

What this book lacks, above all, is a clear appraisal of the substance of Asian government rather than its forms. Too many of its authors are wearing blinkers. They fix their gaze upon the apparatus of political parties, the machinery of elections, the tactics of leaders. They forget that all of this activity is mere shadow-play compared to the substance, the reality, which is the kind of government that Asian politicians are delivering. Are Asia's political systems bringing the people a more secure living, a larger share of social justice? If the Oxford conference had explored these questions, it would, in my opinion, have produced a more valuable book.

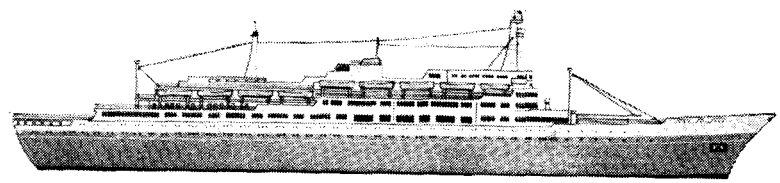


Eighteenth-century French vessel.



Medieval round ships.

Down to the Sea: Ever since man first hit upon the idea of traversing a body of water on a floating log, the development of boats and the progress of civilization have been mutually interdependent; it was the ocean-going vessels of the advanced peoples that carried their discoveries to other lands. *A History of Ships and Seafaring*, by Courtlandt Canby (Hawthorn, $5.95), covers this fascinating story, from the slave-powered galley of Egypt and Mesopotamia (where water-wings—inflated skins—were also used from earliest times) to the atomic-powered submarine. The author divides people into sea-lovers, sea-haters, and the indifferent who cross the sea because it is in the way. While the latter two groups may rely more and more on the plane for getting from one place to another, there is no sign that the conquest of space will lessen the age-old lure of the ocean for those under its spell.



The "Rotterdam" (1960).

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Post-Gandhi Preconceptions

India: A World in Transition, *by Beatrice Pitney Lamb (Praeger. 374 pp. $6.50), destroys certain stereotypes about the subcontinent's social patterns. "The Thief of Love: Bengali Tales from Court and Village" is the latest book by Edward C. Dimock, Jr., who is an associate professor in the Department of Linguistics at the University of Chicago.*

By EDWARD C. DIMOCK

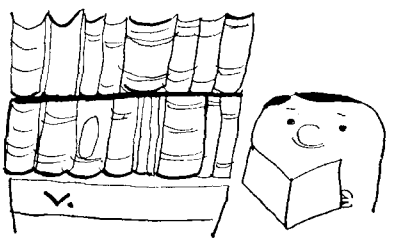
THE INCREASING awareness of India in the United States is becoming daily more obvious. Unfortunately, this interest has so far run well ahead of substantial information, except for that of the highly specialized sort most often buried in academic journals and books with frightening titles. Thus we should be grateful for Beatrice Lamb's book, which is an unpretentious and useful compendium of information gleaned from the standard reference books and works by specialists, spiced by her own observations, well organized, and most readably written. A good part of its value lies in Mrs. Lamb's sensitivity to problems often unrecognized by the layman and too often taken for granted in the writings of specialists. The force that the memory of colonialism has in shaping Indian policy at home and abroad, for example, is something really too little understood by Americans. Mrs. Lamb not only understands it, but communicates her understanding to us.

Given the rapidly changing state of our knowledge of the culture of the Indian subcontinent, however, one is apt to fall prey to peculiarly Western judgments, and to perpetuate fallacies suggested by texts and scholars whose theories are becoming obsolete. An example of the first is the usual attitude toward the linguistic issue in India, a matter of horrified fascination for Americans. Coming from what is essentially a unilingual nation, Americans cannot help but feel that the fact that there are fourteen major languages in India, not counting huge numbers of tribal languages and linguistic pockets not yet analyzed, bodes ill for India's future as a nation. It is certainly true that the issue of regional loyalties, of which the demand for linguistic states is a manifestation, is an important, even vital, issue for India's politicians. But it is too easy to predict the Balkanization of the country. Most of the people who move about India are bilingual, often trilingual. They are not afraid of learning the language of the areas into which they move, and although they may never learn a new language sufficiently well to carry on a high-level conversation, there is rarely trouble with communication. And there is the matter of English, spoken, it is always pointed out, by a tiny minority. But even 1 per cent of 500 million people is a lot of people, and this educated minority is in some ways the most significant one in India. Nor should it be discounted that there is in India a strong pride in nationhood, a realization of thousands of years of diversified, but Indian, tradition.

The other part of the problem is that newly gained knowledge has not yet found its way into some of the standard reference books. The traditional view is of course that Brahmans have always kept tight control over the whole social and religious order of the country; only now is it coming to be understood that the Tantric tradition, existing side by side with the Brahmanical one over the centuries, supplied a non-Brahmanical ritual and social system to the "lower" orders of society. It is only now coming to be understood that although Indian society is fairly rigidly stratified, there is and always has been movement among the castes, a constant shifting of the order of the stratification. We are also used to seeing India as a religious society, without noting the very earthy manuals of statecraft (*arthasāstra*) and pleasure (*kāmasāstra*), which put forth the end of man as power on the one hand, and on the other the enjoyment of good conversation, beautiful women, and the arts. Wealth was never entirely scorned, and the classical story-literature tells us of the prosperous and bustling commercial cities and traders (sometimes of the lowest of the four *varnas*, the Sudras), who carried both Indian culture and goods to Southeast Asia and to the Roman Empire. Finally, education before the coming of the British was not only religious, but also in the highly developed sciences of grammar, aesthetics, and medicine.

Mrs. Lamb suggests that these stereotypes have persisted because Westerners have almost always had contact with India through Brahmans or others high in the social scheme. Th[i]s can be extended: the texts throug[h] which we know Indian traditions are Brahmanical texts, transmitted by Brahmans as the learned and priestly class. The history of India is far more complex than these indicate.

But these matters, for which I have expended a lot of space, occupy a relatively small part of Mrs. Lamb's book. The greater part of it is devoted to an analysis of the modern scene in India, its educational problems, its governmental and political systems (for me, two enlightening and exciting chapters), and its economic and foreign policy problems. Mrs. Lamb has talked about all these things with understanding, clarity, and, most difficult for a Westerner to achieve, detachment. For having given us such an introduction to modern India, she is to be praised. Her book will be useful both for the general reader who wants to know something about this still mysterious land, and for the student of Indian civilization.



U.S. Course on the China Seize: Like Tang Tsou's *America's Failure in China 1941-50, How the Far East Was Lost: American Policy and the Creation of Communist China 1941-1949* (Regnery, $8.75) cites mistakes in our wartime and postwar negotiations with both Chiang and Communist leaders. To support his charges Anthony Kubek has diligently utilized quantities of research material provided by officials and private agencies since the war, as will as diaries, memoirs, and other data.

This reviewer, assigned as Far Eastern representative of the Office of the Coordinator of Information and assistant to the American Ambassador at Chungking as early as March 1942, dealt personally with many of our diplomatic and military representatives at the provisional capital. We were briefed with General Joseph Stilwell and party at Washington by General Dwight D. Eisenhower, then Deputy Chief for Plans at the War Department: "Get or with the Chinese, or come home" was his admonition to us. It was Stilwell's failure to "get on with the Chinese" that impaired his service in the West China and Burma theatre. Stilwell quarreled outrageously with the Gen-

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eralissimo, and his intemperate language is extensively quoted in Mr. Kubek's footnotes.

It was, however, the younger men in the embassy who were in touch with the Communist leaders and who quoted the "simple agrarian reformers" sympathetically in their dispatches to the State Department. Even military authorities advocated close relations with the Communists.

In Kubek's opinion, General Patrick Hurley's mistakes were momentary; although he relied initially on affirmations and assurances given him by Soviet and other "authorities," he soon arrived on his own at sound appraisals, and he took a sound position and advocated sound policies. But, the author states, General George C. Marshall's mistakes were persistent. His views were wrong from the beginning; he relied on slanted impressions he had gained in Tientsin in 1927 and '28 and on Stilwell's reports; and he remained gullible and gulled and impervious throughout. Hurley was not a "determining personage"; Marshall was. And so were Roosevelt, Acheson, and Truman. Tang Tsou's and Anthony Kubek's books both indicate that, but for the obduracy of President Roosevelt and General Marshall, who insisted on the Japanese "firing the first shot," the attack on Pearl Harbor could have been avoided, as could the use of the A-bomb over Japanese cities.

Although we closed the war in the Pacific triumphantly, as a casualty of it we lost China and, in subsequent action, North Korea. To be sure, this book and others of similar "revisionist" type are prone to overlook the vast global task confronting the Allied Command, the deeply dangerous situation that called for the defeat of the German-Italian Axis in Europe.

The latter part of Kubek's study is by far the most important, for it is there that he exposes the campaign carried on in the United States and particularly in Washington to thwart efforts to succor the Nationalist government, friendly to us. He states that aid to Nationalist China was withdrawn at critical moments; faulty armaments were shipped it while Japanese material captured by the Russians went to the Chinese Communists. At the same time in America pro-Communist and anti-Nationalist causes were vigorously advanced.

Kubek ends his book with the question: "Was American diplomacy in China the debacle we have assumed it to be? Or was it a howling success?" One thing is certain: the course that we pursued in regard to China from 1941-49 was the prelude to the predicament in which we find ourselves today. —Esson M. Gale.

VAGARIES OF REALITY

Collectors' Bid for the Id

Writers in Revolt: An Anthology, *edited by Richard Seaver, Terry Southern, and Alexander Trocchi (Frederick Fell. 366 pp. $7.50), concentrates on nonconformity and "the exploratory nature of art." Dorrie Pagones studied comparative literature in France under a Fulbright grant.*

By DORRIE PAGONES

ANTHOLOGIES of one kind or another are coming out almost as thick and fast as the oysters who unwisely consented to walk with the walrus and the carpenter. The trouble with most of these books is not what they contain, but the pretentiousness that inevitably results when editors have to justify the appearance of yet another collection in a crowded field.

"What is the principal force to which our own culture is dedicated, the mainspring source from which we attempt to draw our ethics and our sense of values?" ask the editors of *Writers in Revolt*. They find the answer in a word: psychology. We have rid ourselves of the precept of right and wrong, their argument runs, and are searching, through study of the human mind, for a new system of values. In this search it behooves the artist to adhere strictly to personal impulse and private value inclinations, rather than to assumed ones. "That," the editors somewhat portentously conclude, "is the message the selections in this volume contain."

While it is doubtless true that one can't say too much about the dangers of conformity, it is equally true that an anthology which appears to set up nonconformity as a standard is very apt to end up illustrating a certain orthodoxy of its own. Early in the century mention of the garment "shift" in Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World* provoked a riot. Today how many disciples of Henry Miller would dare to write without using the so-called four-letter words? The tyranny of language can be double-edged. In any event, the gathering of many strongly felt and strongly worded protests into one book has the effect of softening each.

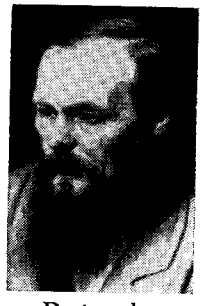
A few pieces in this anthology stand out in all their power: a scene from Céline's ferocious, horrifying *Journey to the End of the Night,* Sartre's critical analyses of Baudelaire and the tormented Jean Genet, a marvelous excerpt from Genet's *Our Lady of the Flowers,* a strong bit of William Burroughs's *Nakéd Lunch,* and Samuel Beckett's *The End,* the story of the life and death of a beggar. There is the elegant, precise prose of such as Sartre, Iris Murdoch, and Mencken, balanced by the rich, muscular wanderings of Henry Miller and Allen Ginsberg.

Much has been left out. In a book of this sort, with its emphasis on the writer as psychologist, why is there no Kafka, no Faulkner, no William Golding? Proust and Joyce, at least, are frequently invoked. With its emphasis on individuality, why is Sartre represented but not Camus and, above all, Gide? Ionesco and Beckett but not Brecht? Where among the protesters is James Baldwin and where, with all the talk of experiment, are such French writers as Alain Robbe-Grillet and Nathalie Sarraute?

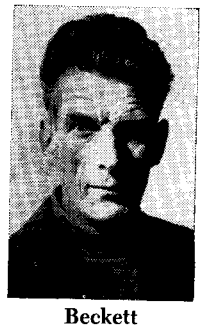
Instead, the editors have included a twenty-page essay by Austryn Wainhouse on the Marquis de Sade, and the whole of Hubert Selby, Jr.'s famed (for its Provincetown trial) but unremarkable *Tra-la-la.*

Other writers represented are Dos-

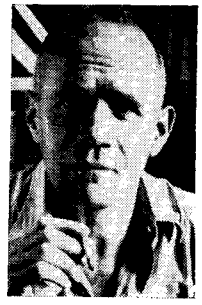
Murdoch



Dostoevsky



Beckett



Genet

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toevsky, Baudelaire, Herman Hesse, Antonin Artaud, Curzio Malaparte, Lawrence Durrell, Chapman Mortimer, William Gaddis, Evan S. Connell, Jr., Charles Foster, Edward Dahlberg, and E. S. Seldon.

The editors—critic Richard Seaver, novelist Terry Southern, and novelist-poet-painter Alexander Trocchi—have scathing words for American critics who, they contend with some truth, can only respond to a work on the basis of "what it seems to represent." Yet it seems at times that they, too, have fallen into this trap and included writers—Sade, Selby—more for what they represent than for what they are.

As for the editors' further contention that in "no other contemporary culture" are critics so far removed as Americans from the creative process, what of the atrocious reception Parisian dramatic critics gave Ionesco in the Fifties? Perhaps Ionesco himself provides the best statement this book contains on the eternal battle between artist, critic, and public. All new art, he maintains, must at first be unpopular.

> A creative work of art is, by its very novelty, aggressive; spontaneously aggressive, it strikes out at the public, against the vast majority; it rouses indignation by its nonconformity which is, in itself, a form of indignation.

And after nonconformity has been achieved and indignation made itself felt, what then? This book does not attempt any answers. It is, simply, an anthology of hymns to what the editors term "the exploratory nature of art." Although in modern experimental literature the comic note has been as frequent as the tragic, *Writers in Revolt* seldom sounds it. There are, here and there, some serious comments about humor, but the editors apparently wish to show only the bitterness, not the joy (and certainly not the comedy) of the human, and particularly the artist's condition.

How Time Goes By

***The Garden,** by Yves Berger, translated by Robert Baldick (Braziller. 226 pp. $4), and **The Palace,** by Claude Simon, translated by Richard Howard (Braziller. 252 pp. $4.50), present two contrasting explorations of time and consciousness. Leon S. Roudiez of Columbia University is preparing a study of Michel Butor.*

By LEON S. ROUDIEZ

A FIRST novel by a writer in his middle twenties who has already attracted attention as a critic, *The Garden* is the work of a man who has not yet shaken off the romanticism of youth, and also of one who takes his writing seriously. Berger told a French interviewer that he spent two years on the first 100 pages; the American dust-jacket quotes him as saying that he spent three years on the first seventy. Although, like the legendary French *méridional,* he may be prone to exaggeration (Yves Berger was born in Avignon), he obviously wants it understood that he worked hard on his novel.

It is equally obvious that the translator did not lavish the same care on the English version. Merely checking one sentence on page 223 (this happens to be a sentence the French writer is particularly proud of), one notes that for M. Berger's accurate verb *to trample* Mr. Baldick substitutes a vague, inaccurate one, *to walk*; for an unusual noun, *governorates*, a common one, *provinces*; and for image, the *snow of America that lies in books*, banal statement, *the American snow you read about in books*. No outright error has been committed, and many works have survived this sort of commonizing of language that translations too often evidence. The point is, however, that Yves Berger's book cannot stand such treatment because it must in great part rely for effectiveness on the poetic spell cast by style.

What remains, in English, is an implausible story of escapism. A Frenchman who hates all forms of progress, intellectual as well as material, and has isolated himself in a world of dreams, identifies his Garden of Eden with the way of life he thinks existed in Virginia in 1842. He believes he has somehow stemmed the flow of time, and passes this belief on to his son, who narrates the story. M. Berger has talent: if he were willing to join the rest of us who have accepted the fact that we live in the twentieth century, he might give us a thing of value—a work that would not only involve Berger the literary craftsman but his total being as well.

Claude Simon is, at fifty, the author of seven novels written during the past twenty-odd years—not a staggering output, but one that bespeaks quality. Like Berger, he relies greatly on mood suggested by style, and Richard Howard has been able to preserve it in the translation; like Berger, he is concerned with time, but time to him is more like a rushing torrent than a stagnant pond. M. Simon, too, eschews the writing of political novels; but he projects himself so fully into his fictions that there is little doubt as to where his political sympathies lie.

He has set his novel in Barcelona during the Spanish Civil War. What plot there is consists in bringing together for a brief period of time four characters, in addition to the narrator, whose personalities meet, clash, and fuse to some extent before each one moves on to his separate fate. Little is known to them: they are "the American, the schoolmaster, the Rifle, and the one wearing an officer's uniform, unless it was a policeman's." The narrator identifies himself as a student—of what, he does not say. That motley group, united by the war and by chance, finds itself in one room of a once luxurious hotel, now requisitioned by the Loyalist forces, as the funeral procession for an assassinated government leader is about to file past beneath them. We do not, however, witness the scene as it unfolds: the narrator returns to Barcelona fifteen years later, and he then reconstructs the event.

Thus, on the one hand, the necessity of a detailed preliminary "inventory" (as the first chapter is called) of people and things in the course of which pieces of the event are again placed in juxtaposition, and, on the other, the peculiar characterization of the four individuals. The latter is sketchy, not so much because time has dimmed the details but because the narrator, when still at an impressionable age, was struck by what the four men offered by way of temptation. He might have followed in the footsteps of any one of them; he consciously wanted to in the case of the American, but he could not. Conversely, they also symbolize those parts of himself he was forced to leave behind as time shaped his consciousness into the form it now wears. The funeral is for what was lost in himself as well as for the Spanish leader.

Claude Simon is often regarded as a disciple of Faulkner, and in *The Palace* the narrator's attitude towards the American volunteer provides tempting food for reading in elements of a literary biography. But he has learned from other writers, too: all in all, his personality is strong enough and his vision original enough (he was a painter before becoming a writer) so that the performance can be called his own. Although perhaps not equal to his earlier novel, *The Wind*, this is a first-rate accomplishment.

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Exaltation Is a Warm Puppy

Stories of God, *by Rainer Maria Rilke, translated by M. D. Herter Norton. (Norton. 127 pp. + notes. $4), sees Deity as a bearded Russian peasant, a passing stranger, a beggar, even a thimble. H. F. Peters, a professor of German and comparative literature at Portland State College, has written extensively on Rilke, most recently in "My Sister, My Spouse," a biography of Lou Andreas-Salomé.*

By H. F. PETERS

Rilke—"presupposes a childlike faith."

THE CENTRAL figure in these thirteen tales, which Rilke wrote in seven consecutive nights in the fall of 1899, is, as the title of this volume indicates, God. Not, indeed, the Christian God in the Western tradition—*that* God, Rilke insisted, has long since lost any genuine existence and become an empty symbol in the ritual of Sunday-service Christians—no, the God of these stories is a very Rilkean creation, an embodiment of the poet's fervent search for some ultimate spiritual reality. By nature protean, he can and does appear under many disguises: as a bearded Russian peasant, a passing stranger, a beggar, even a thimble; for "any thing can be God. One has only to tell it." The trouble with this concept of a very personal, constantly reborn God is that it presupposes a simple, childlike faith hard to come by in an age of scientific skepticism. And yet so great has been the appeal of Rilke's *Stories of God* that since their publication in 1900 they have gone through edition after edition, almost rivaling in popularity that other youthful prose-poem of Rilke's, the *Coronet*. If you add to this the fact that they have been translated into a great many languages and that the present volume is the second edition in English, it is legitimate to ask: What is the secret of their appeal?

The literary critic is hard put to find an answer to this question. Eliza Butler is quite right when she says that "the whimsical humor with which each new tale is introduced in turn, the gentle wistfulness, the fanciful notions, the patronizing airs make of the whole something perilously close to puppydom." And Rilke himself felt uneasy about the style of his youthful production, calling it "pre-prose." There are indeed passages where he oversteps the thin line that separates the sublime from the ridiculous: the one, for example, where he tells of Saint Paul cutting off God's right hand. Others are of such unabashed sentimentality that the modern reader is almost embarrassed. And yet he reads on. That is the Rilkean paradox. He succeeds in making one suspend disbelief and give assent to the fairy-tale world into which Rilke's magic transports him. All this means of course that even when he writes prose it is the poet who carries conviction.

"The Tale of the Hands of God," the introductory piece, sets the tone for the whole collection. It describes how God, Rilke's God, a kind of super-Michelangelo, created the earth: rocks, mountains, trees, and finally man. But he was interrupted by a passing angel while he was occupied with this difficult task and forced to let his hands finish it. His only stipulation was that before they released man they should show him to God. But man slipped out of God's hands and by the time that "God looked over the earth again, another instant—or, rather, a thousand years, which is of course the same thing—had gone by. Instead of *one* man, there were already a million. But then, too, they were already wearing clothes. And as the fashion was very ugly at that time and even distorted people's faces badly, God received an entirely false and (I will not conceal the fact) a very poor impression of mankind."

This, then, is Rilke's dual theme: God, never having seen man, is trying to find him, just as man is trying to find God. In the second story, "The Stranger," God's quest for man is given as the reason for the coming of Christ. "You are to go down to earth. You are to take on the form you will see there among men, and to stand, naked, upon a mountain, so that I can observe you closely." It is a strange but typically Rilkean reinterpretation of the Christian mystery.

The majority of the stories, however, are concerned with man's search for God. Rilke believed that the country where this search was carried on most fervently was Russia. The piety of the Russian people had made a deep impression on him when he had visited Russia in the spring of 1899. On that occasion he had witnessed in the company of the woman he loved the colorful rites of the Orthodox Church celebrating Easter. And since then the kingdom of Rilke's God was Russia, holy mother Russia. Although only three, though the most beautiful, stories deal directly with Russian themes—"How Treason Came to Russia," "How Old Timofei Died Singing," and "The Song of Justice"—a subterranean kinship connects them with all the others, whether they are concerned with the Venetian ghetto, the Italian Renaissance, or a German graveyard. It is the God of the Russian ikons who lives in them.

Are they then stories? Yes and no. They are stories all right, stories told to grown-ups for children, but if they were *only* stories they would hardly have survived so long. They are, as Rilke himself says, "feelings, emotions"; and they demand inclinations rather than explanation. The reader who is inclined to spiritual intensities, and whose sense of wonder and awe has not been blunted, will find reading them a very rewarding experience. If he knows no German, Herter Norton's translation is a faithful guide. She has succeeded in rendering Rilke's deceptively simple German into an equally simple English. No mean achievement, as this reviewer knows all too well.

. . . "But is God a country?"

"I don't think so," I replied, "but in primitive languages many things have the same name. There is probably a kingdom called God, and he who reigns over it is also called God. Simple peoples cannot always distinguish their country from their king; both are great and good, terrible and great."

—From "Stories of God."

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The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico's all-out crusade against disease and poverty has given these children a life expectancy of 70 years.

(Twenty years ago, they would have been lucky to reach 50)

THE Commonwealth of Puerto Rico is one of the world's healthiest places to live. No other people in the western hemisphere have a longer life expectancy.

Yet, little more than a generation ago, Puerto Rico was called a "stricken land." The average Puerto R existed on 31 cents a day. One three lived in a slum. Diarrhea snuffed out more lives every year than heart disease and cancer *combined.*

About 1940, astonishing things began to happen. The people of Puerto Rico launched "Operation

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Frisky Puerto Rican children frolic on a beach near San Juan after school. Photograph by Mike Alexis.

Bootstrap," an all-out crusade against poverty, *the real cause of the diseases that plagued them.*

They tore down slums. Cleared away dumps. And started community improvement projects by the dozen.

Government's role

reate jobs and generate income, the Government of Puerto Rico began to offer manufacturers special incentives to open plants there.

Today, you see the results of this massive self-help program everywhere. Nearly 1000 factories are humming away—providing jobs for 120,000 people. New plants are opening at the rate of 3 a week.

How are the people using their prosperity? Drive along the Commonwealth's 3,000 miles of paved roads and you'll see rows of neat new homes. Busy shopping centers. Inviting parks and playgrounds.

Cultural renaissance

You'll notice something else, too. Structures that feed the spirit. Schools. Theatres. Concert halls.

And, out of "Operation Bootstrap" has come the most gratifying result of all. *Poverty-bred diseases no longer exist.* A child born today in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, can look forward to 70 productive years.

Chances are your plant can prosper in this atmosphere, too.

This is one in a series of reports to U.S. industry on the economic and cultural development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: Write for "Puerto Rico '63," a report on productivity, profits and special incentives. The address: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. 102J, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The "New" Season

THAT the recent domination of the Broadway theatre by musicals and imported attractions will continue is indicated by a perusal of the 1963-1964 schedule of productions (the first three months of which are partially listed here). The musicals will lean heavily on adaptations of novels, plays, and movies, with all but two of the dozen new musicals definitely scheduled for Broadway this season borrowing their plots. Most eagerly awaited of the new musicals is *110 in the Shade*, the Broadway debut of the team that created Off-Broadway's permanent delight, *The Fantasticks*. The imported attractions will include Jean Anouilh's marvelously bittersweet *The Rehearsal*, *Chips with Everything*, and *All in Good Time* (voted London's best during the last two seasons), *The Private Ear* and *The Public Eye* (currently the West End's most entertaining attraction), *Luther* (with Albert Finney's prize-winning performance), Brecht's *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*, which stars the volatile Christopher Plummer, and Moscow's famous *Obratsov Puppets*, opening at the Broadway Theatre on September 29.

The schedule of new American plays suggests that our writers are in a period of vigorlessness, brought on by the disastrous Broadway economy. Most of the original new plays are light comedies, and most of the serious new plays are based on books. However, Paddy Chayefsky's *The Passion of Josef D*, which deals with Lenin and the deterioration of the Russian Revolution, has been penciled in for late November. Lorraine Hansberry's *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window* should open in December, and William Hanley, a very promising Off-Broadway playwright last season, will make his Broadway debut in February with *Conversations in the Dark*. All of these are original works.

Possibly the serious playwright will now turn more and more to permanent resident companies springing up in New York. The Actors Studio Theatre plans to produce, in addition to *Marathon '33*, James Baldwin's *Blues for Mr. Charlie*. The Lincoln Center Repertory Company will introduce Arthur Miller's first new play since 1956, *After the Fall*, with Jason Robards, Jr., and S. N. Behrman's *But for Whom Charlie*. . . . While it is too soon to call this pattern a trend, the prevailing odds against commercial success for a serious play on Broadway may well be driving our better playwrights to a kind of theatre with more continuity of artistry, a theatre that can keep their plays alive longer by performing them in repertory.

—HENRY HEWES.

	TITLE AND AUTHOR	TENTATIVE CAST	OPENING
NEW BOOKS	THE ADVOCATE, Robert Noah	James Daly, Tresa Hughes, Dino Fazio	Sun., Oct. 13 ANTA
	THE TENDER HEEL, Joel Hammil	Chester Morris, Signe Hasso	Mon., Oct. 21 Lyceum
	A RAINY DAY IN NEWARK, Howard Teichmann (comedy)	Eddie Mayehoff, Dody Goodman	Tue., Oct. 22 Belasco
	BAREFOOT IN THE PARK, Neil Simon (comedy)	Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick	Wed., Oct. 23 Biltmore
	THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT, Wilton Manhoff (comedy)	Kim Stanley	Thu., Oct. 31 Booth
IMPORT	BICYCLE RIDE TO NEVADA, Robert Thom (Conrad's *Dangerfield*)	Franchot Tone, Lois Smith, Richard Jordan	Thu., Sept. 26 Lyceum
	SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY, Charles Aidman (Edgar Lee Masters)	Joyce Van Patten, Robert Elston, Betty Garrett	Sun., Sept. 29 Booth
	LIBEL, Henry Denker (Louis Nizer's *My Life in Court*)	Van Heflin	Thu., Oct. 10 Longacre
	THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFE, Edward Albee (McCullers novel)	Colleen Dewhurst, William Prince, Lou Antonio	Wed., Oct. 30 Martin Beck
	TAMBOURINES TO GLORY, Langston Hughes (his own novel)	Nipsey Russell, Cicely Tyson	Sat., Nov. 2 Little
	MAN AND BOY, Terence Rattigan	Charles Boyer, Geoffrey Keen, William Smithers	Tue., Nov. 12 Atkinson
	ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST, Dale Wasserman (Ken Kasey)	Kirk Douglas	Thu., Nov. 1 Cort
	MARATHON '33, June Havoc (her own autobiography, *Early Havoc*)	Julie Harris, Timmy Everett	Thu., Nov. 21 Actors Studio
MUSICAL	THE IRREGULAR VERB TO LOVE, Hugh and Margaret Williams	Claudette Colbert, Cyril Ritchard, Gale Gladstone	Wed., Sept. 18 Barrymore
	THE REHEARSAL, Jean Anouilh (Tr: Hansford-Johnson, Kitty Black)	Keith Michel, Alan Badel, Coral Browne	Mon., Sept. 23 Royale
	LUTHER, John Osborne	Albert Finney, John Moffat, Peter Bull	Wed., Sept. 25 St. James
	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING, Arnold Wesker	Alan Dobie, Derek Fowlds, Gary Bond	Tue., Oct. 1 Plymouth
	SEMI-DETACHED, David Turner	Leonard Rossiter, Gillian Raine, Bridget Turner	Mon., Oct. 7 Music Box
	THE PRIVATE EAR and THE PUBLIC EYE, Peter Shaffer	Geraldine McEwan, Brian Bedford, Barry Foster	Tue., Oct. 9 Morosco
	THE RESISTIBLE RISE OF ARTURO UI, Bertolt Brecht (Ad: George Tabori)	Christopher Plummer	Mon., Nov. 4 Lunt-Fontaine
	THE STUDENT GYPSY OR THE PRINCE OF LIEDERKRANZ, Rick Besoyan	Eileen Brennan, Dom De Luise, Allen Swift	Mon., Sept. 30 54th Street
	HERE'S LOVE, Meredith Willson (*Miracle on 34th Street*)	Janis Paige, Laurence Naismith, Craig Stevens	Thu., Oct. 3 Shubert
	BALLAD FOR BIMSHIRE, Irving Burgie, Loften Mitchell	Ossie Davis, Jimmy Randolph, Christine Spencer	Tue. Oct 15 Mayfair
	JENNIE, Arnold Schulman, Arthur Schwartz, Howard Dietz	Mary Martin, Dennis O'Keefe, Robin Bailey	Thu., Oct. 17 Majestic
	110 IN THE SHADE, N. Richard Nash, Tom Jones, Harvey Schmidt (*The Rainmaker*)	Inga Swenson, Robert Horton, Stephen Douglass, Will Geer	Thu., Oct. 24 Broadhurst
	ZENDA, Everett Freeman, Vernon Duke, Leonard Adelson (*The Prisoner of Zenda*)	Alfred Drake, Anne Rogers, Chita Rivera, Carmen Mathews	Tue., Nov. 2 Hellinger
	THE GIRL WHO CAME TO SUPPER, Harry Kurnitz, Noel Coward (*The Sleeping Prince*)	Jose Ferrer, Florence Henderson, Irene Browne, Roderick Cook	Thu., Nov. 28 Broadway

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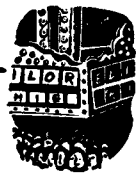

French Games

IN FRANCE there is a never-ceasing enthusiasm for the manifold possibilities of cinema, and the more adventurous film-makers seemingly overlook no avenue that might lead toward novel and arresting presentations. Pierre Etaix, whose first feature-length film, *The Suitor*, is a comic delight, finds one of his sources in old-style American comedy, and indulges shamelessly in slapstick, visual gags, and inventive surprises. But, like a good many of the younger directors in France, he is intellectually inclined, and his serious side finds expression in satire. And, like Jacques Tati, for whom he once worked when Tati was in vaudeville, he insists on being the chief performer.

We first saw him in *Happy Anniversary*, a "short" in which the parking situation in Paris led to some painful but funny misadventures while a husband attempts to get home in time for his wife's anniversary dinner. In *The Suitor* he is a young man whose contented bachelorhood is spent in an upper room in his parents' home pursuing scientific interests. The fun begins when he responds to his father's suggestion that he get married. Impulsively leaving his isolation for the outside world, and substituting one set of eccentricities for another, he seeks his mate, becoming what might be called a dedicated amateur in the professional world of modern courtship.

Even though the art of meeting a girl is beyond him, his perseverance is admirable, his directness touching. But Etaix, both in person and in his tricky way with camera and sound track, makes his comments lightly. The film is made up of touches, and after a while he has us wondering what the next surprise will be. The odd thing is that though he uses the broadest of techniques, the net effect is one of delicacy and piquancy. He has adapted what was originally an American form of humor into a personal kind of comedy that is flavorsome and original.

In *La Poupee* (based on a novel and screenplay by Jacques Audiberti), the humor is more weird and allegorical. It seems the kind of film that might have been concocted if Genet and Ionesco had got together The scene is the almost usual one for a satirical burlesque—some Latin American country where there is a dictatorship and its concomitant revolution brewing. The dictator is to be assassinated, and his assassinator is a young man who is his look-alike (in fact, they are played by the same man, the talented Polish actor, Zbigniew Cybulski). But when the plot thickens, most vestiges of sanity are left behind, as a scientist who has invented a method of duplicating everything decides to duplicate the dictator's mistress and, in the bargain, put himself inside the puppet's body. All clear?

This puppet is a tall, lean, good-looking woman with red hair. She dances, she sings, and she is also imbued with the very spirit of revolution. The woman has a nice pair of legs, a bosom of consequence, but, as the saying goes, no waist at all. Can this woman be a man? Indeed she-he-it is, for we find her-him-it played by an American actor whose name is Sonne Teal, and who also plays the dictator's mistress. Please remember that I am simply describing the movie and the players, but I think we must admit that, historically speaking, we have here something of a novelty. But the film, quite the opposite of the old MGM musical, is in its way almost as tiring.

A FILM called *The French Game* might lead us to expect that more zaniness is in order, but no, this work by Jacques Doniol-Valcroze is not a frolic (although it begins as though that is the intention); it is, rather, the poignant story of François and Dominique, and is told in the pseudo-simple style of Françoise Sagan. François arranges to be the cover while Dominique, who works as an assistant in an art gallery, and Dominique loves a married Chilean called Juan. Francois arranges to be the cover while Dominique has a holiday with Juan, but secretly fixes it so that he and Dominique will be alone together at an island resort. Moody music by Michel LeGrand soars over the idyllic days and nights together. The two sleep in the same bed, but place a bolster between. At last François makes love to Dominique and afterwards has a good cry, for his false pretenses are showing to himself. Dominique, however, knows true love is true love, whatever its guises, and gives up Juan for François.

It sounds and plays exactly like a hundred novels written by young French geniuses, and proves that practically anyone can write and direct a New Wave-type movie—even a former editor-in-chief of the Cahiers du Cinema such as Doniol-Valcroze.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Rambles Through the Centuries

AS I reflect on it now, it seems to me I spent a good deal of last week's lecture period laboring the matter of how to eat and drink in Vienna, a subject admittedly dear to the souls of all Viennese. Besides the epicurean treasures, which are perhaps as celebrated abroad as the city's musical history, there is also much to see. By that I do not mean that these are merely sights such as the Eiffel Tower and the Statue of Liberty, which are merely oddities. The sights of Vienna reflect the vestiges of a way of life. The grandest of all these is Schönbrunn, the imperial summer residence that was begun by Maria Theresa, the great empress of Austria, who had sixteen children, took the throne of crumbling empire in 1740, and ruled until 1780, by which time she had developed an orderly monarchy and assured herself a corner of history as an esteemed monarch and mother. Schönbrunn was used as a seat of royal repose until the demise of Franz Joseph in 1916, himself an emperor of regal appearance and handlebar moustache, whose portrait still hangs in many a wistful Vienna parlor.

Maria Theresa is said to have been beloved by the poor, but she certainly knew well how to suit the royal taste. Viewed through the main gates, Schönbrunn's stone façade is an impressive entrance. But within the building, the gardens of the court fairly explode with brilliance and magnitude. The pebbled walks lead off to orderly plots, marigolds planted in borders with purple and black pansies, or, in spring, yellow tulips bursting out of a containing ring of forget-me-nots, or red tulips exploding out of a rim of white petunias. Grand *allés* bordered by square-trimmed trees lead down byways that seem never to end, and are relieved by a few lonesome benches.

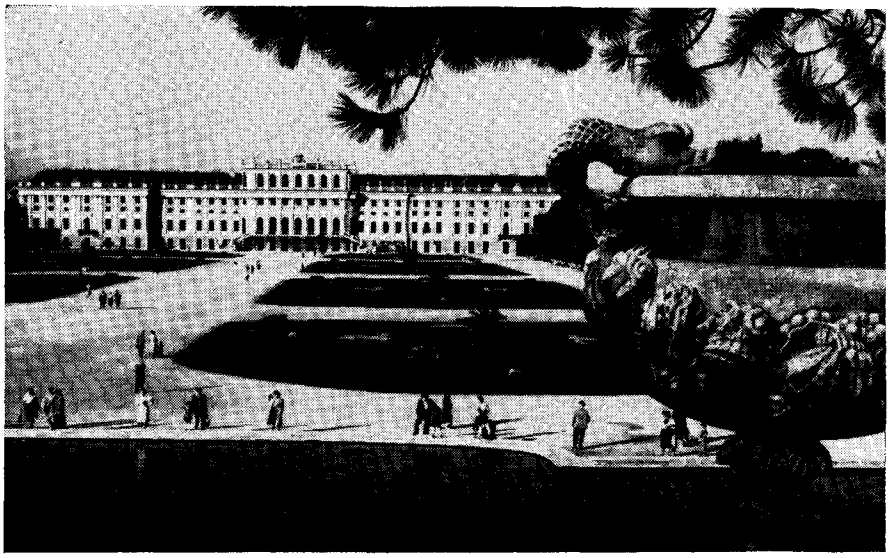
High on a rise at the end of the gardens, like a fanfare, stands the string of arches called the Gloriette, and under it are the masses of horses and figures of the Neptune Fountain, a minor Trevi added in the last year of Maria Theresa's life. The gardens were largely the responsibility of her consort Francis Stephen, who dispatched botanic missions to South America, South Africa, and the Caribbean. She added the ornamental cages of her private zoo, placed in star formation around her breakfast pavilion. There she dined each summer's morning with Francis Stephen while the parrots sat on their brass rings around her table.

The splendor outside is only an indication of the elegance within. Room after room is paved with parquet floors, hung with portraits in fanciful gilded frames, the walls bordered with gilded moldings. In the 1,500 rooms the servants were little seen, except perhaps at state banquets. When Maria Theresa was in conference, the double doors of the meeting room were locked, and refreshments were lifted from th floor below by a dumbwater.

Through the whole house, if that what it is, ring the regal trappings and the human tragedies of the Hapsburgs as they wound their way through history until at last they reached modern times. It all petered out rather sadly with Karl I, who died on Madeira shortly after the First World War. There was Franz II, grandson of Maria Theresa and grandfather of Franz Joseph. As Franz I he assumed the throne, opened hostilities with France, and thereby lost much of his territory. In the wake of Napoleon, Franz had to relinquish his title of Holy Roman Emperor, and retained only that of Kaiser of Austria. To keep the peace he offered his daughter to Napoleon, and that is why, quite against her will, Marie Louise became Napoleon's second wife. That didn't stop him from joining England, Prussia, and Russia against France in the campaign of 1814 and regaining much of his real estate. Franz suppressed liberal movements, and free-thinkers organized secret police and spies; and while he ran something of a police state, he spoke the *patois* of the people like a Louisiana Senator so that the oppressive law were viewed as the evil machinatior not of him but of his ministers.

There is cultural history, too. In the Mirror Room where the mirrors on the wall reflected the candlelight, Mozart gave his first recital. He was six, and promising. Napoleon slept twice in the Napoleon Room, and his son, the Duke of Reichstadt, died here of tuberculosis in 1832. Edward VII slept here, too, and so did Kaiser Wilhelm II. Adjoining the famous chamber are two small rooms, one decorated with blue and white Chinese porcelain and matching drawings in blue China ink framed in white. It seems unusual until one steps into the Million Room, on which Maria Theresea, friend of the people, spent a million guldens for interior decorating. Among its noteworthy accoutrements is a whole collection of Persian miniatures which the Empress bought in Constantinople and had framed in gold back home.

One of the most colorful and, in many ways, one of the most endearing figures, Franz Joseph, Emperor of Austria, was born on one side of Schönbrunn, and died on the other. Franz Joseph's military uniforms would have won the fancy of the costume designer of Viennese operettas. He cut a dashing figure in his youth, dressed in white tunics emblazoned with decorations and broad ribbons crossing from his shoulder to his waist. As he edged into old age he let his sideburns grow into chops



—Austrian State Tourist Office.

Schonbrunn—memories of Mozart, Napoleon, and parrots at the breakfast table.

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and the chops curved upface to form a moustache, about as distinctive a set of hirsute decorations to be seen in all Middle Europe. He ruled from 1848 to 1916, an incredible tenure, but a lifetime in which he was a soldier and a peacemaker, a monarch of Austria and of Hungary. He visited with Queen Victoria, Napoleon III, and Theodore Roosevelt, and while his stature was great, his private life was unfortunate. He had married Empress Elizabeth for love, but some historians credit the ensuing estrangement to nothing more complicated than mother-in-law troubles. Elizabeth began to roam the world, and she spent much of her later life in France and Greece.

The guides who roam the halls of Schönbrunn are fond of saying that Franz Joseph had four tragedies, of which the Empress was surely one. A second was his brother Maximilian, who became the ill-fated and short-lived Emperor of Mexico. His son, Crown Prince Rudolph, married to Princess Stephanie of Belgium, killed himself in a messy affair in a hunting lodge in the Vienna woods. With him was an eighteen-year-old girl, Marie Vetsera. And as if all that were not enough, there was the assassination at Sarajevo of his nephew, Franz Ferdinand, an event which set off World War I. Frank Joseph died in 1916, secure in the belief that he was on the winning side. The dynasty came to an end with Karl, who died in 1922. The long reign of the Hapsburgs, so much of it lived in Schönbrunn, produced few statesmen of historical note, and the long family line was noted for a number of outcroppings of insanity, scandal, and eccentricity.

Last May the Supreme Administrative Court of Austria published a ruling favoring the end of the exile of Dr. Otto Hapsburg, eldest son of Karl I. Like all other Hapsburgs, he had been denied entry to the country on the basis of the exclusion or Hapsburg law that restricts entry into Austria to all members of the clan unless they renounce their membership in the Imperial House, give up their claims to the throne, and declare themselves loyal to the republic. Otto has got around to all of that, much to the annoyance of the leftist parties who would keep him excluded. They obviously fear a wave of popular royalist sentiment and, judging from the paintings of the old Hapsburg rulers that still hang prominently in Vienna, considerable sentiment still exsts.

As for Schönbrunn, the living museum, it served in World War II and was bombed 265 times. It served the cold war that followed, too, wl both Khrushchev and Kennedy wer received here. A ballet was staged for them in the ballroom once used for the Congress of Vienna.

During the Hapsburg times a strain of Spanish horses bred from Arab and Berber stallions was imported to teach knightly horsemanship. Now trained in Styria in Austria, these Lipizzaners have become famous show horses performing in the baroque stables of the Imperial Hofburg Palace. Their classic exercises and quadrilles are on full display on Sundays, but any day of the week they are trotted out for training by riders who still affect the severe brown tailcoated costume and fore-and-aft cockade cap of other days. Some of the credit for the preservation of the Lipizzaners goes to General Patton, who watched a performance of the horses during the frantic waning days of the war, agreed not only to protect the eighty horses, but dispatched a convoy and four tanks to pick up the brood mares and foals then hidden on a farm in Czechosla-

(*Continued on page* 81)

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By MARTIN WILLIAMS

"SILVER'S SERENADE" is an LP recital by the Horace Silver Quintet, and for Silver it may seem a relatively subdued and sophisticated one. Still, all the essential elements of his music are there, including the darting energy, the gutty swing, the good spirits, the occasional quietude, the appropriate sadness, and certainly the alert compositional and structural ideas. Coming in late 1963, the LP is something of a test for Horace Silver. And in passing it, he again makes it clear that under the surface Horace Silver's music is not exactly what it is supposed to be.

Pianist and composer Horace Silver is often said to have been the founder of a movement or a style, a kind of return-to-roots on the part of modern jazzmen. The music—at first called funky (after an old Anglo-Saxonism for smelly)—rediscovered, in the blues and in contemporary Negro gospel music, important qualities that jazz reputedly had lost sight of as it turned cool in the early Fifties and subsequently froze stiff on the West Coast. The descriptive tags associated with funky jazz were *wail, groove, swing, blow, cook, low-down*—almost all of them implying passionate and uninhibited expression, and several of them (for good reason, as we shall see) rescued from the jazz argot of the Thirties.

However, soon after it had arrived, the funky style became, through simplifications that amounted to a grinding parody, a marketable commodity called "soul jazz." And by now soul jazz seems to have had its day at the box office.

Nevertheless, funky jazz itself had reasserted fundamentals when they needed reasserting. For Silver it became a question of whether his work was done, his talent spent, in having rallied jazz to the initially just cause of the late Fifties. And the answer, it turns out, lies not only in his current work but in a review of his past.

Horace Silver doesn't come from "down home" at some Southern or Middle Western whistle stop, as his music might imply; to Horace Silver, down home is Norwalk, Connecticut. He was, at first, a tenor saxophonist, but a spinal condition forced him to undertake an instrument he could play sitting down. He first began to attract attention during 1950 and 1951 as player and composer for Stan Getz's small groups, and his piano was succinctly effective, bounding and rumbling away behind the tenor saxophonist. Getz's own stylistic roots are planted directly in the late Thirties, and so (if a bit less directly) are Silver's. Indeed, one's first estimate of Silver was apt to be that he sounded a bit like modernist Bud Powell imitating boogie-woogie man Pete Johnson. And Silver's own quintets, formed a few years later, were to suggest a cross between a 1937 swing band and a 1947 be-bop quintet. But the result was more than an ingenious hybrid.

Silver's impact on New York musicians was immediate, and for a while in the mid-Fifties he was everybody's pianist on record dates, particularly Miles Davis's pianist and Milt Jackson's. By 1955, Silver was a member of the Art Blakey Jazz Messengers. When that group recorded for Blue Note under Silver's name, the pianist's ideas began to emerge more fully, and a period of cooking and wailing in New York jazz was irrevocably at hand.

To some of Silver's followers, cooking and wailing and perfoming just about anything that encourages finger-snapping and head-shaking in an audience was about all there was to it. But Silver's music is carefully designed and frequently rehearsed, and the pianist's craftsmanship is constantly at work.

His most interesting early piece of writing is called *Hippy*. Its germ idea is also a little traditional two-bar riff. But instead of hypnotically repeating it over and over, as the jazz arrangers of the Thirties would have done, Silver developed it further into a continuous and delightful melody that bounces and swings along for a full eight bars, after the manner of modern jazz. And *Hippy* also has a secondary theme that echoes big-band brass figures. It is this sort of delightful synthesis of the Thirties and the Forties that characterizes Silver's best work.

Thus it seems inaccurate to class Silver with those of his followers who turned rigidly to gospel music and to a rather self-conscious emphasis on "soul." Silver's popular *The Preacher*—a leaping, shouting melody built on the structure of the barroom favorite *Show Me the Way to Go Home*—might even have been named as a kind of joke. And although *Sister Sadie* has a faintly ecclesiastical title, the lady in question could have got her funkyness from dancing to swing bands as easily as from shouting gospel songs at a Holiness church.

Sister Sadie is quite a performance. It has the kind of sustained drive and surging swing that musicians are not supposed to be able to achieve in the cold afternoon atmosphere of a recording studio—or for that matter even in a jazz nightclub before about 1:30 A.M. For variety, *Sadie* has an effective secondary theme on which Silver makes his two horns (Blue Mitchell's trumpet and Junior Cook's tenor saxophone), plus ingenious compliments from his own piano, sound almost exactly like the alternating brass and reed section riffing of a big band. Ordinarily, one may wonder why a musician would want to make a quintet sound like a big band, but with the results that Silver

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gets on *Sister Sadie* one is simply too awed and too admiring to bother with such points.

Another Silver piece called *Cookin' at the Continental* is a faster *tour de force* of the same kind of ingenuity of writing and energy of performance, and it is just about as successful as *Sadie*. One should also mention Silver's very interesting secondary theme or interlude on the piece he calls *Moonrays*, a striking combination of sophisticated lyricism and swing-period guttiness.

It has been said that several of Silver's quintet performances might be better if he had limited his horn men to about half the solo space he gave them. But that is to forget that Silver can be particularly ingenious and skilful in protecting a player against his own shortcomings or against the inevitable "off night" when his inspiration may be weak. Many a Horace Silver composition is written with a dense and constantly shifting obstacle course of chord changes. An improviser who courses through them properly may sound as if he were playing a great deal even when he may be playing very little.

Another aspect of Silver's career has been his special—perhaps curious—relationship to several trumpeters. He was in frequent attendance during Miles Davis's artistic rebirth in the middle Fifties. Kenny Dorham's energetic style matured while both he and Silver were members of the Blakey Messengers. And Art Farmer, not coincidentally I feel sure, became an exceptionally fluent and cohesive lyricist while with Silver. Similarly, Silver's current horn, Blue Mitchell. That any player might gain in rhythmic firmness and dexterity from experience with Horace Silver should be obvious. But trumpeters seem to gain as melodists while pianist Silver chops and bounds away behind them.

Silver's shortcomings as a pianist in his early days were directly related to the fact that he could swing hard and had somewhat simplified the modern piano style. In the first place, he had trouble with slow tempos and ballads. And in the second, his melodic figures seemed to be choppy, discontinuous fragments, scurrying away from his barking left hand, one after another. Thus he set up a kind of pianistic ping-pong: left-hand chord/right-hand figure; left-hand chord/right-hand figure; left-hand chord/right-hand figure.

More recently Silver has had the commendable insight to make virtues of his pianistic shortcomings. The oddly titled piece, *The St. Vitus Dance*, performed by a Silver trio of piano with bass and drums, is full of lushly romantic harmonies and shows that Silver can make almost any musical device sound naturally and unself-consciously earthy, and that his melodic improvising has reached a level of lyric continuity and design one might have thought impossible six years ago.

Horace Silver's jazz is full of rhythms other than the usual 2/4, 4/4, or 6/4. He is also very proud of breaking through the clichés of thirty-two-bar popular song forms and their eight-bar substructures, to write phrases of, say, six bars in pieces of thirty-eight bars. But these are not so much innovations as they are acts of sound conservatism —they find fresh ways of presenting fundamentals. And the fundamentals of Silver's music come from his remarkably perceptive alliance of the Thirties and the Forties, from his conscientious craftsmanship, and from his compelling musical energy, all qualities which the new recital, "Silver's Serenade," confirms.

Genius, in the history of jazz, belongs to individual improvisers like Louis Armstrong, Charlie Parker, and Ornette Coleman, who periodically renew its basic musical language. And it also belongs to men like Jelly Roll Morton, Duke Ellington, and Thelonious Monk, who give the music larger compositional synthesis and form.

But art cannot exist on genius alone. It must have inspired craftsmen like Fletcher Henderson, Don Redman, Count Basie, and Roy Eldridge. Such men seem to come along when the music needs the impetus of their particular talents, but the best of them can survive that moment. And such a first-rate creative craftsman is Horace Silver.

DISCOGRAPHY

Silver's leadership of the Art Blakey Jazz Messengers is preserved on Blue Note 1518, with *Room 608, Hippy, The Preacher, Doodlin'*, etc.

Sister Sadie is on Blue Note 4017, as is *The St. Vitus Dance. Cookin' at the Continental, Sweet Stuff*, and *Mellow D* are on Blue Note 4008.

Silver is in the company of Miles Davis on *Walkin'* and *Blue 'n' Boggie* on Prestige 7076, and in the company of Milt Jackson on Prestige 7224. The presence of Art Farmer in a Silver quintet can be heard on Blue Note 1589, which includes *Moonrays*.

Silver's studio recordings being so exceptionally successful, perhaps Blue Note recorded its LP 4076 (called *Doin' the thing*) "live" at the Village Gate nightclub only to prove that the Silver group can play as well in a club as it does in a recording studio.

The new Silver release, *Silver's Serenade*, is Blue Note 4131.

Shakespeare On Record

By JOHN CIARDI

I DO not know what the Shakespeare Recording Society may be, but the Caedmon label, having either created it or joined with it for the purpose, has announced that it will release the complete works of Shakespeare on record, and now adds to its impressive list a solid performance of *Much Ado About Nothing* starring Rex Harrison as Benedick and Rachel Roberts as Beatrice, with an able supporting cast under the direction of Howard Sackler. The album is SRS 206 (SRS for Shakespeare Recording Society); six sides, $17.85; boxed with full accompanying text.

The play, is of course, one of Shakespeare's meringues — a pleasant froth, more or less whipped together at random, and distinguished above all else by the having given birth to Benedick and Beatrice, the ever-quipping rivals and verbose enemies of love, who finally turn lovers. Shakespeare is at his lightest here, a straightforward theatre crafter who draws his characters two-dimensionally, each to a ruling passion. Perhaps his one most penetrating stroke of characterization is in having Benedick and Beatrice fall in love as soon as they believe they are loved. But even that insight is hardly an invention. Dante got to it almost four centuries before Shakespeare when he had Francesca refer to "Love, which permits no loved one not to love."

The cast gives fine professional substance to these fluffy roles. Rex Harrison makes distinguished use of his well-trained querulous falsetto, and is especially effective at the end of Act II, Scene 3, when, having been tricked into believing that Beatrice loves him, he quavers his way from confusion to credulity and settles finally into the lower register of conviction. It is a smooth piece of comic portrayal. Rachel Roberts, too, does well, as the lady of the untoppable quip. This is light comedy as it should be, all with a fine touch, all at a firm pace: a happy addition to a grand series.

For what I take to be primarily classroom use, Caedmon has also released "Great Scenes from Macbeth" (TC 1167, two sides, $5.95), eleven excerpts from its earlier full performance on SRS 231 (four sides, $11.90). With excellent grace, Caedmon has included a full script of the play with the deleted portions bracketed.

The performance stars Anthony

(*Continued on page* 62)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
The Dukes of Dixieland and Clara Ward and Her Gospel Singers: *We Gotta Shout!* Columbia CL 2042, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	The agreeable results of this collaboration are not altogether surprising, for the repertoires of the New Orleans marching bands and the gospel singers have long had many songs in common. The Dukes are generally content here to accompany fervent, driving vocals, but the most pleasing track from a jazz viewpoint is "Just a Little While to Stay Here," on which they are more to the fore. In effect, this is a band number—at an excellent slow tempo—with a well-developed vocal by Clara Ward. The other solo voices, all helpfully identified in the notes, include an intoxicating soprano, Mildred Means. Of the instrumentalists, Frank Assunto impresses most with the sober dignity of his trumpet playing.
Bill English: *Bill English.* English, drums; Dave Burns, trumpet; Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone and flute; Lloyd G. Mayers, piano; Martin Revere, bass. Vanguard VRS-9127, $4.98; stereo, $5.95.	It is good to have Vanguard back in the jazz field again and this album has many rewarding features, not the least of which is the leader's quietly tasteful drumming. Dave Burns is a trumpet player who has been heard recently in the sextet jointly led by Al Grey and Billy Mitchell, and as leader on his own Vanguard album (VRS-9111). He can play in the multi-noted and more complex harmonic style of the "modernists," but his lyricism and knowing use of mutes speak of experience in a wider world of jazz. The relaxed solo on "Heavy Soul," for instance, contains elements that suggest both Buck Clayton and Harry Edison. Seldon Powell's tenor is warmly enjoyable on two slow ballads, and Lloyd Mayers plays inventively with an easy beat well suited to the ensemble.
Woody Herman: *Encore.* Herman, clarinet, alto saxophone, vocal and leader; with fifteen-piece band. Philips PHM 200-092, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Recorded live in a Hollywood club, this is another exciting sample of Woody Herman's current Herd in action. The brilliant and apparently indefatigable brass team is in fine form, and the group as a whole is remarkable for its cohesion and punch. Five of the eight numbers were admirably arranged by Nat Pierce, whose piano is featured to extensive advantage in "That's Where It Is." The band includes a formidable roster of soloists, not least of whom is Herman himself. Of the trumpets, Billy Hunt shines on the Pierce transformation of "Days of Wine and Roses" and Paul Fontaine on "Caldonia." On "Body and Soul," the take-over from Herman's alto by Phil Wilson, a whimsical but confident trombonist, is intriguing in its originality and relaxation. The intense, tireless tenor solos by Sal Nistico and the drumming throughout by Jake Hanna are also noteworthy.
Jazz at the Philharmonic in Europe: Roy Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie, trumpets; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Benny Carter, Cannonball Adderley, Leo Wright, alto saxophone; Coleman Hawkins, Don Byas, Stan Getz, tenor saxophone; Lalo Schifrin, piano; Victor Feldman, vibraphone; Art Davis, Sam Jones, bass; Jo Jones, Chuck Lampkin, Louis Hayes, drums. Verve V6-8539, V6-8540, V6-8541, V6-8542, $4.98 each; stereo, $5.98.	As revealed in these four records, today's Jazz at the Philharmonic concert is broader in scope than it used to be. There are several innovations of interest. On the first record, for example, one can hear Benny Carter playing alongside Cannonball Adderley in a group that includes Dizzy Gillespie and J. J. Johnson, and Stan Getz in another group with Don Byas and Coleman Hawkins. The expatriate Byas, who enhances the good impression he created on two other recent albums (Battle BM 6121 and Impulse A37), plays with agility and imagination on "All the Things You Are," "Yesterdays," and, following Hawkins and Carter, on a long, happy blues entitled "A Jazz Portrait of Brigitte Bardot."
Brother Jack McDuff: *Something Slick.* McDuff, organ; Harold Vick, Eric Dixon, tenor saxophone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Joe Dukes, drums. Prestige 7265, mono and stereo, $4.98. Freddie Roach: *Mo' Greens, Please.* Roach, organ; Conrad Lester, tenor saxophone; Kenny Burrell, Eddie Wright, guitar; Clarence Johnston, drums. Blue Note 4128, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Despite critical disdain, the organ groups continue to enjoy great popularity, perhaps because their unpretentious approach makes them better for dancing than most other jazz combinations today. These two, typically, go for good tempos and the foot-tapping beat. There are commendable soloists on other instruments for those whose prejudice against the organ is ineradicable. Kenny Burrell, that peerless guitarist, plays on both records. Eric Dixon, one of Count Basie's stars, takes sinuous, Gonsalves-like solos on the Prestige, while another worthy tenor saxophonist, Conrad Lester, is introduced on the Blue Note. In Freddie Roach the latter label has soon found its successor to Jimmy Smith.
Marian Montgomery: *Swings for Winners and Losers.* Marian Montgomery, vocals; Dick Hyman, piano and organ; Joe Newman, trumpet; Sam "The Man" Taylor, tenor saxophone; Kenny Burrell, Chuck Wayne, guitar; George Duvivier, Milt Hinton, Joe Benjamin, bass; Osie Johnson, drums. Capitol T 1884, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	The inclusion of this record in Capitol's "Dimensions of Jazz" series indicates how desperate the quest for new jazz singers has become. With more experience Miss Montgomery may perhaps qualify, but there is too much effort and too little firsthand feeling here. In fact, the incredibly jerky phrasing on "My Buddy" suggests that jazz may not really be her metier at all.
Billie Poole: *Confessin' the Blues.* Billie Poole, vocals; Junior Mance, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Bob Cranshaw bass; Mickey Roker, drums. Riverside RM 458, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	On the evidence here, Billie Poole is born to sing, the best-equipped and most enjoyable jazz singer to emerge in several years. With more emphasis on blues and blues-flavored material, the set is superior to her first ("Sermonette," Riverside RM 425). She sings old blues with something of Bessie Smith's resolute authority and brings to numbers like "Stormy Weather" and "God Bless the Child" a pretty and refreshing tenderness that avoids the pitfall of overdramatization. In this latter respect she resembles Ella Fitzgerald, a fact equally apparent in "Keep Your Hand on Your Heart" and "Alone Together," where her lovely voice and feeling for the blend of music and lyrics are especially rewarding.
Sonny Stitt: *Now!* Stitt, tenor and alto saxophones; Hank Jones, piano; Al Lucas, bass; Osie Johnson, drums. Impulse A43, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Sonny Stitt is one of the most prolific jazz recording artists, his vitality and unfailing ability to swing making his popularity easily understandable. His alto playing always leads to comparisons with Charlie Parker's, but he is more creative as a rule on tenor. He uses that instrument on five of this record's eight tracks and displays a style which, though rooted in Lester Young's, is less introspective and rather more nonchalant. The presence of Hank Jones on any session lifts it above the category of the "blowing session," and his accompaniment and crisp solos are as rhythmically stimulating as they are musically rich.
Randy Weston: *Music from the New African Nations, Featuring the Highlife.* Weston, piano; Ray Copeland, trumpet; Jimmy Cleveland, Quentin Jackson, trombones; Julius Watkins, French horn; Budd Johnson, soprano saxophone; Booker Erwin, tenor saxophone; Aaron Bell, tuba; Peck Morrison, bass; Charlie Persip, Frankie Dunlop, drums; Archie Lee, George Young, extra percussion. Colpix CP 456, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	The usual jazz criteria are hardly applicable to the performances of numbers like "Caban Bamboo Highlife" and "Congolese Children," which were inspired by Randy Weston's visits to Nigeria, but the album as a whole is illustrative of his conviction that "there is a living, vital relation between the blues-based music of America and authentic African music." It is also added testimony to his ability as one of the most able composers jazz has produced. Using a group of unique instrumentation, Melba Liston has further provided arresting settings for his boldly imaginative piano playing. "In Memory Of," a funeral song for the great jazz musicians who have died, echoes the sorrowing dirges of the New Orleans bands and has considerable emotional impact. —STANLEY DANCE.

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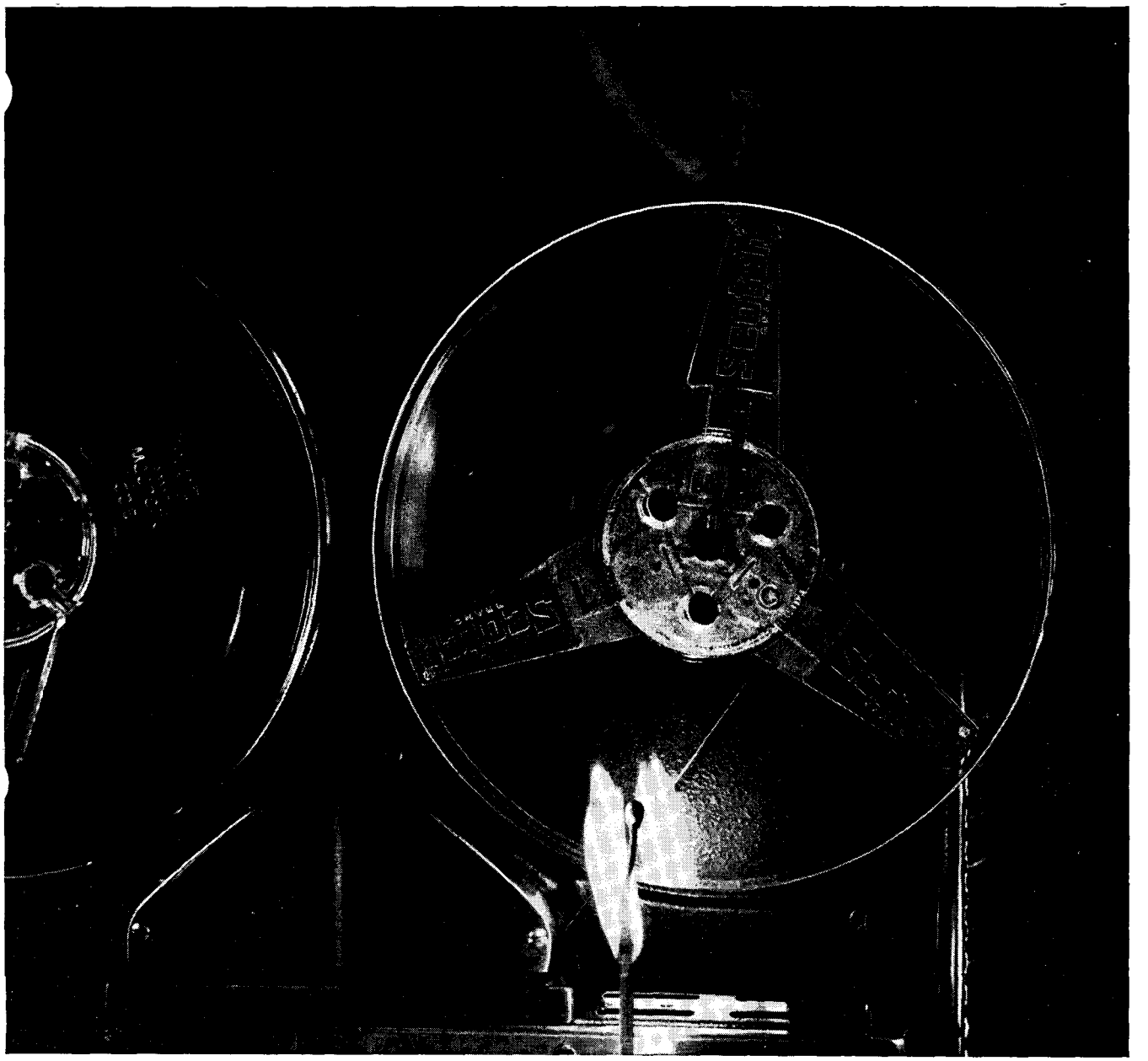


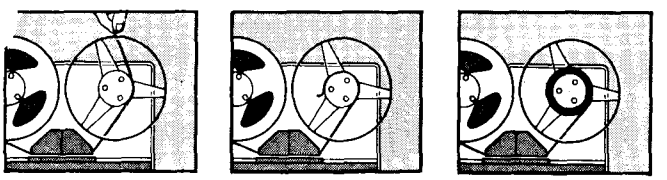
NEW! A tape reel that threads itself!

(even in the dark!)

Just lay recording tape inside this new reel and start your recorder. This exclusive new SCOTCH® BRAND Self-Threading Reel holds tape firmly, but gently, as recorder starts—actually threads up automatically. No hooks, no slots, no attachments—no tape fumbles. This reel does away with thread-up problems. (You wouldn't really need the light of a match to use it!) Now, this reel is offered as a take-up reel for only 39¢ in a special offer from the granddaddy of all tape-makers, 3M.

New reel threads up with all tape thicknesses or with leader tape. Tape rewinds off reel freely and easily. Solid sides protect tape against dust and damage. Reel comes complete with write-on labels and snap-tight plastic collar that seals reel edges against dust, makes reel self-storing without a box.

SPECIAL OFFER SAVES $1.11! Now, you can have one of these new "SCOTCH" Self-Threading reels ($1.50 value) as a take-up reel for only 39¢ with the purchase of three regular 7″ reels of a wide variety of "SCOTCH" BRAND Recording Tape. Ask your dealer for the special package, shown below. And for an expandable, gold-plated tape rack ($4.95 value) that holds up to 40 reels, send the tabs from three "SCOTCH" Recording Tapes, together with $2.50, to 3M Magnetic Products Division, Dept. MBE-93, St. Paul 19, Minn.



Lay in tape . . . start recorder . . . watch reel thread itself!

Magnetic Products Division 3M COMPANY

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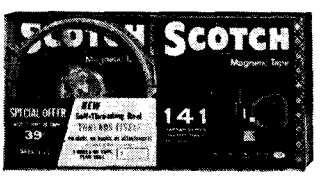

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The '63 Hi-Fi Show

By IVAN BERGER

MORE than eighty manufacturers and importers of high fidelity equipment will take over four floors of the New York Trade Show Building (Eighth Avenue at Thirty-Fifth Street) for five days of hi-fi (and low consumer resistance) during the week of September 9. The show opens on Wednesday, September 11, and continues through Sunday.

As in the past, the sponsoring Institute of High Fidelity will present several decorator-inspired audio installations to woo the lady of the house to hi-fi; but more importantly, the IHF is conducting a public opinion research study to determine why women have so far failed to become audio enthusiasts. IHF reseachers will continue this project—begun several months ago—by interviewing a sample of female visitors to the show. With today's mechanized kitchens successfully run by women, complex components should pose no barrier; perhaps hi-fi is a feared rival for husbandly affections? Results will be made public when the survey is completed—so the suspense will be ended soon.

The Acoustic Research-Dynaco-sponsored live-*vs.*-recorded concerts conducted in exile across the street at the 1960 Show, will be welcomed to the exhibit hall itself for the first time. Classical guitarist Gustavo Lopez will play a varied program ranging from Bach to flamenco including music specially written for this demonstration by Peter Phillips, while listeners compare the live sound with a playback over AR and Dyna equipment. A companion exhibit will feature "high fidelity" art reproductions hanging side by side with their originals.

Other miscellaneous exhibits will include a step-by-step presentation of "How Records Are Made," daily prize drawings, a photo contest, and the "Executive of Tomorrow" desk. This remarkable unit, thirty-three feet long, includes a complete TV and hi-fi system, refrigerator, and bar. One wonders—despite the ticker tape and conference dictating system also included—when tomorrow's executive will get his work done.

On the more practical level, a whole host of new audio gear will be on display in addition to the tape and transistor units covered elsewhere in this issue.

For record listeners, Grado offers a new turntable with bearing center drive system, and three new cartridges, while Dual and Thorens introduce all-new automatic turntables. The Thorens unit is actually a standard Thorens turntable-arm combination with a supplementary changing device that stacks all records off to the side except the one being played, and cleans the record surface automatically while playing.

The new Dual 1009 has been approved by major cartridge manufacturers for use with their low-compliance pick-ups, and will be demonstrated tracking these units automatically. KLH offers a walnut-cased compact phonograph similar to its Model 11 portable, and Pilot will show a transistor portable with optional stereo tuner. Lectronics will again show the IMF Summation cartridge, and will introduce the Deram ceramic cartridge, made by British Decca, to the U.S. market.

McIntosh's oscilloscope Multipath/Tuning Indicator, shown in prototype last year, will be accompanied by the MR67 tuner with less elaborate multipath indication. Marantz, whose Model 10 tuner boast its own oscilloscope, will also show a new Model 11 FM antenna. Scott's 4310 tuner is another super-deluxe component, with many automatic features designed for broadcast monitor and relay purposes. Scott's new 340B Tuner-Amp has a slide-rule dial, rather than its usual circular vernier, while the new Eico Classic tuner and tuner-amplifier kits use the circular dial.

Fisher's MF320 tuner is last year's MF-300 remote control automatic tuner with a wireless remote control receiver built in. Sherwood is offering a zero-center tuning meter on its S-3000V and S-2100 tuners.

Transistorized tuners are available from Harman-Kardon and Heath, and transistorized tuner-amplifiers from Kenwood, Bogen, and Eric, while hybrid receivers, using tubes and transistors, are available from Pilot and Eric. Antronics, a new firm, offers transistorized FM antennas and other accessories.

Tech Instruments provides one of the best-known advantages of transistor design—output-transformerless amplification—in a tube-powered stereo unit to be made available as a kit in the future. McIntosh's C22 stereo preamplifier features front-panel tape jacks and exclusive Panloc mounting. Dyna's new integrated amplifier will be available only in its new gold-anodized front panel, and Eico's Classic amplifier, with front-panel headphone jack, comes with all mechanical parts pre-mounted and a package designed for more convenient kit-building.

Hadley, a new exhibitor, will feature a nine-tube stereo amplifier, and a twenty-transistor stereo preamp. Acoustech's Decade Control Center will complement last year's Acoustech I amplifier, as the Citation "B" amplifier will complement the Citation "A" preamp, which was also introduced a year ago.

ENTER rooms 338 and 342 at your own risk—three new EMI "dangerous" loudspeaker systems lie in wait there. Bozak, on the other hand, offers nothing more perilous than new enclosure stylings for its B-302A systems.

Fisher will show its biggest speaker system to date, the XP-10 three-way system, with sixteen-inch woofer, and Tannoy will demonstrate the "Cornetta" horn-loaded enclosure for their ten-inch Monitor Dual Concentric loudspeaker. Hartley's first two-way system, the Concertmaster, will use an eighteen-inch woofer.

KLH's exhibit, at the other extreme, will feature the model 14 ultra-compact system, using two full-range three-inch speakers and an electronic network that tailors the signal to match the system's bass roll-off. Other compact systems will be shown by Grado, Lafayette, and University, the last an ultra-thin system with the rear panel operating in phase with the front.

Goodmans Tru-Triaxiom twelve-inch is the first three-way, three-voice-coil concentric speaker in its price range, $49.95. Leak, another British import, has upgraded its "Sandwich" speakers with an additional sandwich cone for the tweeter.

ADC's three new speaker systems include one priced at $49.50, fresh from two years of development, and Neshaminy provides the JansZen Jan Kit 51, a kit version of last year's Z-500 for those who prefer to economize by building their own enclosure. New systems by Electro-Voice, Lectronics, and Sherwood round out the speaker picture.

Fisher, whose new consoles include the wall-mounted Allegro and a new television line, will be joined by new consoles from H. H. Scott. Heath offers a color television kit.

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New in Tape

A FLAT plate, three switches, and a rectangular pit, neatly trimmed in brown and silver, are all that is visible of 3M Company's bid to revolutionize tape playing. The Revere M-30 tape player, one of four decks designed around the new Revere Stereo Tape Cartridge and a special 3M tape, is probably the simplest tape deck to operate that the world has ever seen.

Revere's "black boxes" accept a stack of up to twenty tape cartridges, playing, rewinding, and rejecting each automatically to provide up to fifteen hours of continuous music. The playback-only versions are easier to operate than record changers, though packed with gadgetry inside.

The new system is not compatible with any other, reel or cartridge. The tape is only one-seventh of an inch wide (standard tape is one-quarter inch), with a special low-noise oxide formulation. Recordings made at home cannot be edited, and as yet only a little more than eighty pre-recorded cartridges are available, from Command, Music-Tapes, and Columbia (whose Dr. Peter C. Goldmark, inventor of the LP record, helped develop the new cartridge system).

The cartridges, only 3¼ inches square, contain 450 feet of tape, enough for forty-eight minutes of music at a tape speed of 1⅞ inches per second. A thick leader at the tape's beginning ensures that all the recordable area can be used, and helps the machine to thread itself. The tape-position counter resets itself automatically for each new cartridge, and each tape is automatically rewound when finished.

At least three tape cartridge systems are now on the market: the new Revere, the well-known RCA system used by Bell also, and another square cartridge used on the Viking and Telescript automobile stereo players, and some automatic broadcast machines.

Reel-to-reel recording is hardly dead, however. 3M is introducing seven new reel-type Revere and Wollensak recorders, and continuing four older models, as well as introducing a new self-threading, boxless tape reel and new triple-play tape.

Sony, too, will display an extensive tape recorder line, featuring models with special conveniences for language learning, and an executive-styled battery portable recorder.

Low speeds are big news this year; Norelco's new 301 offers a fourth speed of 15/16 inches per second, and both the Revere Cartridge and the new Roberts 770 claim increased fidelity at 1⅞ inches, hitherto unusable for music.

Revere's answer to the slow-speed problem involves not only the new-formula tape, but a playback head with an ultra-narrow 1.5 micron gap. Roberts uses an even narrower gap (1.02 microns), plus a new development—the Cross Field head.

Recording bias—the high-frequency current applied to the heads during tape recording—has always posed a basic problem. Too little bias causes distortion at low frequencies, while bias sufficient to overcome this problem erases the higher frequencies while they are being recorded. The Roberts solution is a separate bias head, in a special configuration which "leads the recording tape away from the bias before erasure of the higher frequencies occurs," and an extra octave of response is claimed for this system at all speeds.

Because continuous recordings of up to six hours are now possible (using a seven-inch reel of the new triple-play tape, at 1⅞ inches), or up to twenty-four hours of play per reel, the 770 has a built-in blower to prevent overheating.

The new Vernon 47/26 recorder features quiet, computer-type, semiconductor switching, including automatic delay between functions to prevent tape spill or breakage, concentric, ganged controls, three inputs per channel with intermixing, off-the-tape monitor, reverberation and remote control. Its name comes from its semiconductor complement of forty-seven transistors and twenty-six diodes.

Ferrograph continues its conservative policy of detail improvements and battleship construction in its new Series 5 and Series 420 models, and Tandberg also offers an improved line, with easier loading.

Freeman (formerly Citroen) will show its first full-size recorders, offering such features as third-head monitoring and automatic reverse for continuous playing of four-track tapes, as well as a cabinet designed to enhance the sound and appearance of recorders by Freeman and others.

Bell is expected to show its new RT-360 recorder, with built-in tape duplication facilities, and Martel electronics the Uher line, including the 4000-S Report, a four-speed battery portable tape recorder with a fast speed of 7½ inches per second for maximum quality.

With the advent of multiplex, off-

Directory of the '63 Hi-Fi Show

(Numbers at the end of an entry indicate the room or rooms in which items are displayed.)

ACOUSTECH, INC. Solid state amplifier and decade control center. 544.

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC. Loudspeakers and turntables. 329. Live-vs.-recorded concerts cosponsored by Dynaco; High Fidelity in Art. 328-330.

ALTEC LANSING CORP. Home and studio music systems, amateur and professional microphones, transistorized amplifiers, speakers. 542.

AMERICAN CONCERTONE. Tape Recorders. 441.

AMPEX CORP. Tape recorders, Signature V Videotape home entertainment center. 616, 618, 619, 621.

ANTRONICS, INC. Transistorized FM antennas and other accessories. 332.

AUDIO DYNAMICS CORP. Cartridges, tone-arm, and speakers. 340.

AUDIO ORIGINALS. High fidelity cabinets. 319.

BELL SOUND DIV. Tape recorders, tube and transistor amplifiers and tuners. 348.

BENJAMIN ELECTRONIC SOUND CORP. Miracord auto turntable, Truvox tape recorder, new Elac cartridge. 640.

BOGEN COMMUNICATIONS DIV. Turntables, amplifiers, tuners, receivers, including all-transistor receiver. "Hi-Fi Hall of Fame" with famous past Bogen units. 430, 433.

R. T. BOZAK MFG. CO. Loudspeakers and cabinets. 333, 335.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES CORP. Wharfedale speakers, Garrard record changers and automatic turntable. Film on Garrard equipment. 446, 447.

C/M LABORATORIES. New stereo transistorized power amp. 302.

DAVID CLARK CO. New headphones and accessories. 347.

COMMAND RECORDS. 402.

DYNACO, INC. Kit amplifiers, new integrated amplifier, pre-amplifiers, tuners, B&O cartridges, FM portable radio, microphones. 502, 503, 524.

(*Continued on page* 60)

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the-air taping has become more popular, but the live recordist has not been forgotten: In addition to displays by two U.S. microphone manufacturers (Shure and Electro-Voice) Ercona will display the PML microphone from Sweden, the world's first condensor microphone in the amateur price range.

Many of the features now becoming common are designed with the serious recordist in mind also. These include third-head monitoring, for instant comparison of input and recorded signal, built-in line and mike mixers, enlarged recording meters, built-in echo, and sound-on-sound facilities.

The Ampex F-44 series offers all of these plus automatic take-up reel threading, and an individual performance record for each machine, presented to the owner on his return of the warranty card.

THE prize for the ultimate status symbol goes to Ampex, for the $30,000, nine-foot-long Signature V console, with AM, FM, FM-multiplex, tape, a record changer—and a $12,000 Videotape recorder, with camera. The Videotape system can record one program while another is being watched, or—in conjunction with the eighteen-pound, zoom-lens camera provided—make "instant home movies." Both audio and video recorders can be set to tape favorite TV or radio programs automatically in the owner's absence. The Signature's remote control varies not only the sound level, but the level of lighting in the room. This truly complete home entertainment center will be distributed by Neiman-Marcus.

Tape, microphone and accessory exhibitors known at press time include:

Altec Lansing
American Concertone
Ampex
Bell Sound Div.
Benjamin
Dynaco
Eico
Electro-Voice
Ercona
Freeman
Greentree
Heath
Intermark
International Radio (Crown)
Lafayette
Martel
North American Phillips
3M Co.
Roberts
Shure Bros.
Superscope
Tandberg
United Audio
Vernon
Viking

—I.B.

Midget Revolution

TRANSISTORS, despite lingeri controversy, are coming. E while thirty-two of the nearly eighty exhibitors at the New York High Fidelity Music Show will have some transistorized equipment on hand, the question remains: are transistors really here?

In some areas, they are firmly entrenched. Where light weight, small size, and low current drain are desirable —as in the Concertone and Uher portable recorders, Viking and Telescript automobile tape players, and Tandberg and Dynaco portable radios—there is no substitute for the transistor. Transistors make the ideal silent, instantaneous electronic switch, as in the Vernon 47/26 tape recorder, which eliminates mechanical switches and relays. Where a unit is subject to vibration—as in the JBL Energizer/Transducer amplifier, mounted in the speaker enclosure—only transistors, with their freedom from microphonics, will suffice.

Transistors present many paradoxes. They create less heat but are more susceptible to it; theoretically everlasting, they commit suicide if mistreated, they excel in small, cheap radios, and in large, expensive amplifiers.

As yet, not all of the transistor's advantages have been utilized, nor all of the disadvantages conquered; the transistor is tamed, but not domesticated. Still, enough progress has been made that such major manufacturers as Scott, Sherwood, Fisher, and Pilot will be exhibiting semi-conductor or hybrid (tube and transistor) equipment this year.

The best transistor equipment, such as the Acoustech and Citation units, is at least as good as the best tube equipment, and possibly better—but more expensive. The top-quality silicon transistors required by high-power output stages cost roughly four times as much as equivalent tubes, and require heat sinks and free air space to dissipate their heat—for, while transistors generate less heat, they must operate within a narrow temperature range. Transistors may last forever in normal use, but abnormal operation—such as caused by shorted speaker leads—can melt them to expensive puddles in an eye-blink (hence the need for complex protective circuits, an added expense). And wide variations in transistor specifications demand more expensive, self-compensating circuitry surrounding them.

Transistors, being low-impedance devices, can match the impedance of speakers exactly, eliminating the output transformer and allowing higher feedback, better transient response, and less

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phase shift. But transistors lack the output taps that allow tube amplifiers to match any speaker, and few if any speakers maintain their rated impedance throughout their frequency range. One partial solution is Scott's "Uni-Coupler," essentially half a transformer, with, hopefully, half the transformer's problems.

Transistors in tuners pose other problems. While heat—a major cause of drift in conventional tuners—is no longer a problem, drift can still occur. The transistor's inability to handle more than a small input voltage means that any sensitive transistor tuner must incorporate an attenuator (the attenuator on the Harman-Kardon F-1000T has three positions: "Local," "Suburban," and "Distant"), to prevent over-loading on strong signals, adding another component that can degrade the signal.

Transistors are quieter than tubes—in some circuits. Transistor amplifiers have no microphonics, less hum, but in some cases more hiss.

There is, it is generally acknowledged, a "transistor sound,' audible to most people but not detectable on present

instruments—is it superior fidelity or some unknown new distortion? Opinions differ.

All manufacturers concede that the transistor's potential has not yet been realized. One firm, Hadley, even offers a transistor preamplifier whose "basic unit may be modified to conform with future state-of-the-art." But major manufacturers are laying their reputations on the line by introducting transistor equipment cautiously, and without abandoning tubes. Dollar for dollar, the tube is still king; but for the adventurous, the ambitious, and the hang-the-cost perfectionist, transistors are definitely worth investigation.

The following exhibitors had announced transistorized equipment of some type as we went to press:

Acoustech
Altec Lansing
American Concertone
Antronics
Bell
Bogen
CM Laboratories
Dynaco
Eico
ric
isher
Freeman
Harman-Kardon
Heath
Intermark
International Radio
Kenwood
KLH
Lafayette
James B. Lansing
Martel
North American
Pilot
Roberts
H.H. Scott
Sherwood
Superscope
Tandberg
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IN CANADA: J. M. Nelson Electronics Ltd., 7725 Adera St., Vancouver 14, B. C. (Prices slightly higher in Canada)

Directory

Continued from page 57

EICO ELECTRONIC INSTRUMENT CO., INC. Kits, including new tape recorder, new Classic Series. 436, 440.

ELECTRO-VOICE, INC. Loudspeakers, microphones. 309, 312.

EMPIRE SCIENTIFIC CORP. Tone arms, cartridges, turntables, and complete players. 527.

ELPA MARKETING INDUSTRIES. Thorens turntables, tone arms, and new automatic turntable-record changer. Cecil E. Watts record-cleaning devices. Ortofon cartridge, tonearms. 337, 339.

ERCONA CORPORATION. Leak Speakers, amplifiers, tuners, and control centers. PML micro-miniature condenser microphones, Ferrograph tape recorders, R&A speakers, Vitavox speakers. 501.

ERIC ELECTRONICS. Tuners, amplifiers, preamplifiers, and receivers, including transistor and hybrid components. 636.

FISHER RADIO CORP. Components and consoles, including remote-control tuners. Loudspeaker systems. Kits. 528, 529, 534.

FREEMAN ELECTRONICS CORP. Tape Recorders, cabinets, and microphones. Reversible and transistorized recorders. Battery-operated portables. 600.

GRADO LABORATORIES, INC. Three new cartridges, new turntable and speaker. Wooden tone arm. 345.

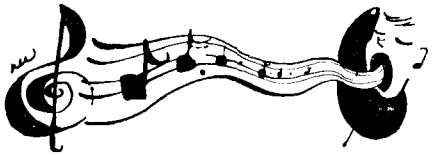
GREENTREE ELECTRONICS. Recording tape. 406.

HADLEY LABORATORY. Transistor preamplifier, Tube amplifier, 551.

HARMAN-KARDON, INC. Tube and transistor amplifiers, preamplifiers, tuners, and receivers, including Citation line, new Citation transistor amp.

HARTLEY PRODUCTS CO. Loudspeaker systems and loudspeakers. New two-way system. 507.

HEATH CO. High fidelity and other kits, including color television. 321, 325, 320.



INTERNATIONAL RADIO & ELECTRONICS CORP. Crown tape recorders, including new transistorized models. 445.

INTER-MARK CORP. Cipher tape corders and citizens band transceiver. 420.

ITT PIONEER. Tuners, amplifiers, receivers, speakers, phonographs. 520, 521.

JERROLD CORP. TV and "Paralog" FM antennas, reception aids and FM distribution systems for dealer stores. 439.

KLH RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT CORP. Loudspeakers, FM radio, phonographs. Miniature model 14 speaker. 642, 644, 643.

KOSS ELECTRONICS, INC. New headphones. 601.

KENWOOD ELECTRONICS, INC. Amplifiers, tuners, and receivers, transistorized stereo receiver. 522.

LAFAYETTE RADIO ELECTRONIC CORP. Amplifiers, tuners, speakers, tape recorders, and kits. Transistor amplifiers and kits. 632, 634.

JAMES B. LANSING SOUND, INC. Loudspeakers, Energizer/Transducer systems with transistor amplifiers matche to speakers through special network 633, 635, 637.

LECTRONICS, Deram, and IMF. Summation cartridges, **IMF** speakers. 512.

LESA OF AMERICA CORP. Changers, Stereo hi-fi system, phonographs. 500.

MARANTZ CO., INC. Amplifiers, preamplifiers, Model 10 Stereo FM tuner with oscilloscope and Model 11 FM Antenna. 308.

MARTEL ELECTRONICS SALES. Uher tape recorders. 614.

McINTOSH LABORATORY, INC. New tuner, preamplifier and Multipath/Taming Indicator. Amplifiers. 307, 349.

NESHAMINY ELECTRONIC CORP. Jans-Zen speakers and speaker kits. 407.

NORTH AMERICAN PHILLIPS CO., INC. Norelco tape recorders. New model 301, 629, 631.

PICKERING & CO. Stanton Fluxvalve cartridges. 602, 623.

PILOT RADIO CORP. Amplifiers, tuner hybrid receivers, solid state portabl phonograph with optional tuner. 545, 547.

REVERE-WOLLENSAK DIV., 3M CO. Cartridge and reel tape recorders and play-

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ers, Scotch recording tape and reels. 408, 409.

-KUT COMPANY. Recording play-equipment. New R-34 turntable, tone arm and base combination. 624.

ROBERTS ELECTRONICS. Tape recorders, with CrossField head, other features 301.

ROCKBAR CORP. Goodmans TruTriaxiom loudspeakers. 541, 546.

SCOPE ELECTRONICS CORP. EMI "Dangerous" Loudspeaker systems. 338, 342.

H. H. SCOTT, INC. Amplifiers, preamplifiers, tuners, receivers, and kits. New transistorized amplifier. Copley and Exeter console series, 4310 broadcast monitor tuner. 626, 627, 628.

SHURE BROTHERS, INC. Phonograph cartridge, tone arms, microphones, new ultra-light shell for Shure SME Series tone arm. 437, 438.

SUPEREX ELECTRONICS. Headphones, including new model with built-in crossover and tweeter level controls.

. ERSCOPE, INC. Sony tape recorders, amplifier/speaker. 509, 510.

TANNOY (AMERICA) LTD. Tannoy speakers, including new "Cornetta" 10″ horn. 343.

TANDBERG OF AMERICA, INC. Tape recorders with improved loading. Transistor portable radio. 428.

TECH INSTRUMENT CORP. "Harvard" transformerless amplifier. 638.

TELESCRIPT CORP. Stereo tape player for automobiles. 531.

UNITED AUDIO PRODUCTS. Dual Automatic Turntable—new Model 1009. Wigo speakers. 537.

UNIVERSITY LOUDSPEAKERS. Loudspeakers, new thin model. 422, 424.

VERNON AUDIO DIVISION. New 47/26 transistorized tape recorder. 523.

VIKING OF MINNEAPOLIS. Complete ... of tape equipment, including ...o-matic 220 Tape Recorder, Auto-...pe 500 stereo cartridge player for car, 88 Stereo compact. 553.

WEATHERS DIVISION. Turntables and record players, tone arms, cartridges, speakers. 401.

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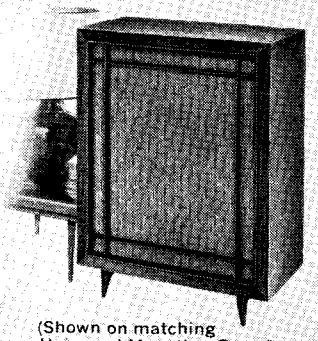

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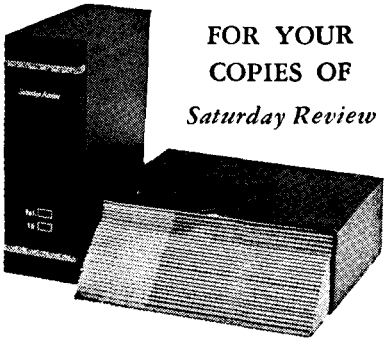

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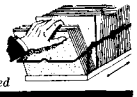

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Shakespeare

Continued from page 53

Quayle's fine full voice as Macbeth, the man firm in battle but wavering in villainy; and Gwen Ffrangcon Davies as a low-keyed but persuasively intense Lady Macbeth. To her and to director Howard Sackler goes a special merit badge for a sleep-walking scene that takes full advantage of the microphone: with no need to project the voice through a whole theatre, the portrayal is pitched to a whisper, to a breath. It is a powerful effect. I wish director Sackler were always as sure that it is for a recording that he is directing, and not for the stage. There are several places at which music, sound effects, or even an interpolated non-Shakespearean line might have substituted for the non-existent visual effects to give the ear a more certain experience of the action.

Nothing less than a gold medal must go to Stanley Holloway for his show-stealing performance as the porter. On the other hand, Alan Rolfe, as the Doctor, throws his lines away as if they were phonetic exercises rather than the felt speech of an enacted character. And certainly the director and/or engineer would have done well, in the opening scene with the witches, to get all the words on the sound track.

Add to the virtues of the recording (for classroom use) that it can be played in an academic hour. I should, to be sure, prefer to have the class listen for two academic hours and get all of it, but if the thing must be abridged, this is good abridgement.

A moving plea to subscribers on the move

WE DON'T LIKE to burden you with our problems.

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Evolution of Monsters

Continued from page 32

lost its terror. Men live in the Eternal Now, content to devote their lives to wasteful consumption.

Later, George Orwell showed other aspects of the hell-to-be in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. For some of us the most terrifying thing about this tale was that it called upon none of the gimmicks or super-inventions so dear to science fiction writers. No mechanical hounds, mass operations, or space warps are invoked. Everything he suggested is feasible today, with our present technology.

The dull drab world he brings to life closely resembles that which I saw in Eastern Europe in 1962. I can still see it in my mind's eye: cowed people with tattered clothes, moving through a dingy world, afraid of their own shadows. The people of Hungary and Poland not only mirrored defeat—they also communicated the fact that they felt betrayed. To Western promises of liberation they responded either with doubt or cynicism. I remember what a Pole answered when I told of our deep concern for captives in Cuba. "You don't risk yourselves for them," he said. "And if you can't even free a little island like Cuba, a hundred miles from Miami, how can you ever help a country like Poland, wedged in between two communistic states?"

Back to Orwell's novel, and the world of Big Brother. Absolute power has corrupted absolutely. The past is a pawn in the hands of present policy. When the rulers want to change history, they destroy all old issues of newspapers and replace them with fake new ones, complete with the original dates. In effect, there is no past.

But what of the phrases and words that persist in men's minds? These have been labeled *crimethink*. They have been overshadowed by *doublethink*, which teaches people, by constant repetition and indoctrination, that black is white, slavery is freedom, and war is peace. The "line" is set by the Party, led by Big Brother. The flunkies in the party are supervised by two-way TV screens—Big Brother is always watching you. The Proles (proletariat) at the bottom of the heap, are left only the animal freedoms. For recreation they can gather and sing the banal songs ground out by the song-writing machines.

Ridiculous, you say. And yet just the other day I read in the New York press that IBM has perfected machines that can "compose original music" without any human intervention. That another machine can be devised to match words to these machine-made tunes does not seem like an impossible order.

Sex is not the happy release for Orwell's victims that it was for Huxley's. One marries only to make babies (unless he is a Prole, and then he is really making other animals). Scientists have a project to abolish the orgasm. They believe that if they build up sexual frustration, all this suppressed energy can be funneled into socially desirable events—like good attendance at the mass hangings. Individual pleasure or dignity counts for nothing.

The story's hero, Winston, falls in love with a girl who still harbors seeds of discontent against the system. Discovered and arrested, the two lovers undergo long periods of re-education by physical and psychological torture. (If *this* part of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* sounds far-fetched, read some of the official reports of Chinese treatment of American prisoners of war during the Korean conflict.) The tug of war for two immortal souls is on. In place of the old villain Mephistopheles we now have Big Brother. No better proof of the "rose by any name" argument can be found.

The Ministry of Love—Big Brother's name for his Inquisitors—takes over. Winston has plenty of grit. He insists that 2 plus 2 is 4, and not (as the State insists) 5. We read on, horrified, as he is made not only to *admit* that 2 plus 2 is 5, but to *believe* it, with all his heart and soul. His tormentor, O'Brien, explains the new "truth" to his victim:

> Whatever the Party holds to be truth *is* truth. It is impossible to see reality except by looking through the eyes of the Party. That is the fact that you have got to relearn, Winston. It needs an act of self-destruction, an effort of the will. You must humble yourself before you can become sane.

Nothing Mephistopheles ever told Faust was more sinister or more ungodly than this. No punishment meted out by a medieval Inquisitor was more diabolic than that which turned Winston into an un-man. No monsters that have roamed man's world and imagination have ever been more formidable than those which are there now.

One last thought. All of us know a baby born in the year 1963. All of us have looked down on the pink and pliant protoplasm that is summed up by the phrase "bouncing baby boy." We have wondered what sort of world lies ahead of him—what forces will shape his as-yet undirected and untrained mind.

We cannot say what our world will offer him. What we *can* say is that those babies who survive will reach their twenty-first birthday—that traditional emergence into full manhood—in the year 1984.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

DRAMA BY NON-DRAMATISTS

Many important writers, better known for other types of literature, have given us at least one drama. Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, lists here eighteen such plays, and asks you to match them with their authors, whose names appear in the second column. Answers on page 74.

1. *Auchindrane*	( ) Joseph Addison
2. *Cato*	( ) Matthew Arnold
3. *Exiles*	( ) Robert Browning
4. *La Pucelle*	( ) F. Scott Fitzgerald
5. *Last Days of Lincoln*	( ) John Galsworthy
6. *Les Séquestrés d'Altona*	( ) André Gide
7. *Merope*	( ) Oliver Goldsmith
8. *Otho the Great*	( ) James Joyce
9. *Queen Mary*	( ) John Keats
10. *Samson Agonistes*	( ) John Milton
11. *She Stoops to Conquer*	( ) J. P. Sartre
12. *Strafford*	( ) Sir Walter Scott
13. *The Conscious Lovers*	( ) Sir Philip Sidney
14. *The Lady of May*	( ) Tobias Smollett
15. *The Regicide*	( ) Sir Richard Steele
16. *The Silver Box*	( ) Alfred, Lord Tennyson
17. *The Vegetable*	( ) Mark Van Doren
18. *Théseus*	( ) Voltaire

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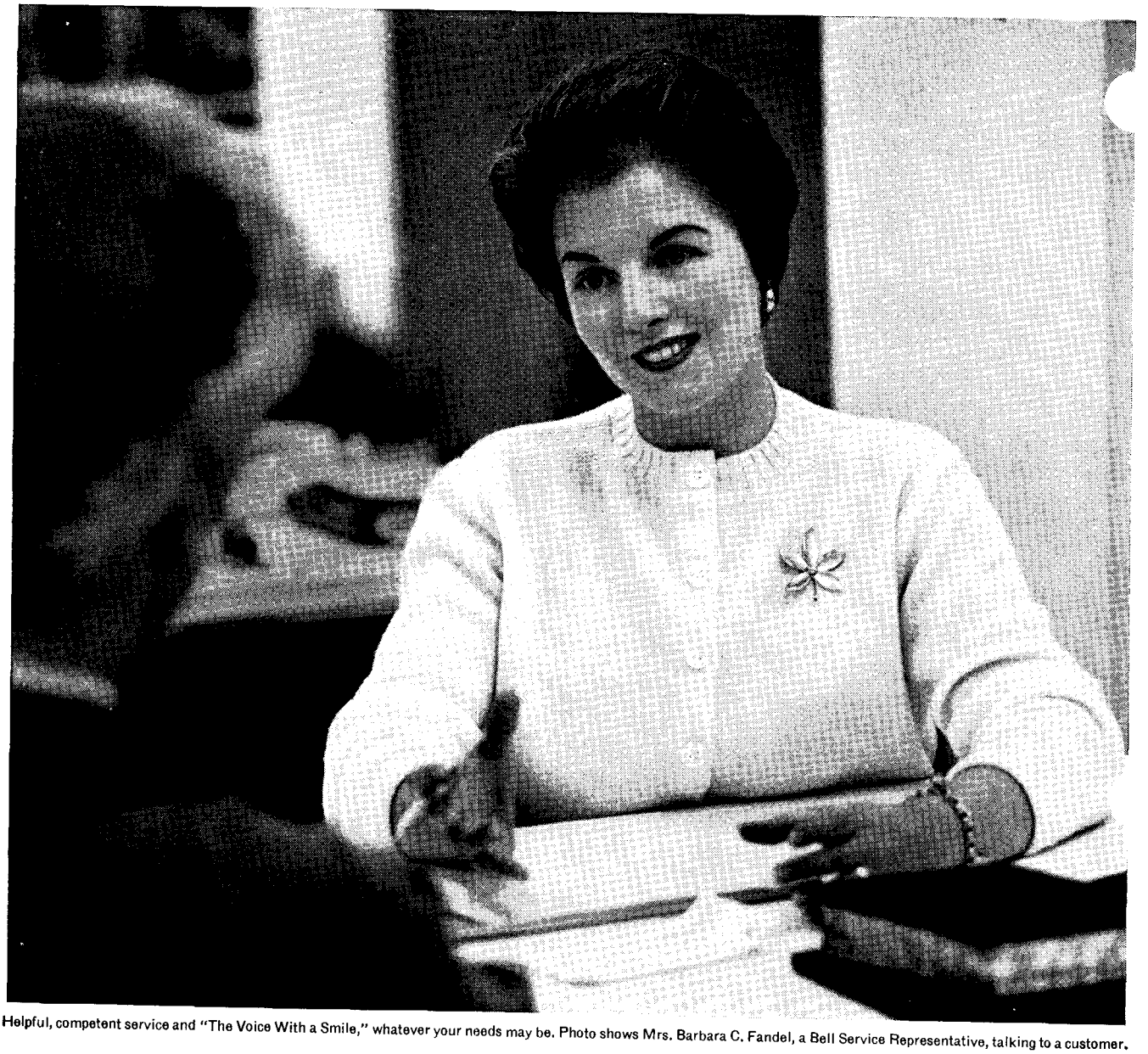

Helpful, competent service and "The Voice With a Smile," whatever your needs may be. Photo shows Mrs. Barbara C. Fandel, a Bell Service Representative, talking to a customer.

"It isn't enough that people should merely accept what we do. Our job is to give them service they positively enjoy. And this is no little challenge. It is a great one."

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, Chairman of the Board, American Telephone and Telegraph Co.

The challenge is with us every day, in everything we do.

As new speed and efficiency are added, there is an increased obligation for courtesy and the utmost consideration for the needs and wishes of every one we serve.

We try very hard to make that policy come true.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

SERVING YOU

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COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN

COMMUNICATIONS

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It Did Happen Here

A FEW weeks ago, all of the reporting staff of the Register Publishing Company in Danville, Virginia, were subpoenaed to court at one time and, for a while, it looked as though this Virginia tobacco community of 55,000 was in danger of a news blackout. The subpoena of most of the editorial side of Danville's two papers, the *Register* (morning) and the *Bee* (evening), threatened to lock up all local news coverage from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. for a period of several weeks during which hundreds of pending racial demonstration cases would be tried. That the case had a happy ending is less important than the fact that it happened at all.

The story began this spring when civil rights demonstrations exploded and became particularly virulent in the tobacco border country of southern Virginia and northern North Carolina. More than 300 people were arrested in civil rights cases on charges of violating a court injunction issued June 6. The first defendants were to be brought to trial on Monday, August 5. But on Sunday, August 4, reporters, editors, and photographers of Danville's two daily newspapers were told they would have to be in court at ten o'clock Monday morning and would have to remain there indefinitely; subpoenas were issued to that effect.

The editorial pages of the *Register* and the *Bee* are separately written but have agreed in their support of Danville's stand against integration. Apparently, the editorial staff was to be subpoenaed *in toto* as witnesses for the civil rights demonstrators since the reporters, editors, and photographers on the two papers had truly been eyewitnesses. Whether the Danville paper's editorial stand was right or wrong—and we happen to disagree completely with it—the fact remains that the trial maneuver threatened to black out local newspaper coverage in Danville through subpoena of the dailies' editorial staffs. We sincerely believe that integration will come to Danville sooner or later and that both the *Register* and *Bee* will one day come around editorially to our view. But that is entirely beside the point in this case.

The point is that, as Andrew A. Farley, general manager of the Register Publishing Company, told us over the phone, this was a fundamental threat to freedom of the press, an attempt at "gag and harassment," and, although the newspaper office is just across the street from the courthouse in Danville, a news void could very well have resulted had not both the court and the defense attorneys proved to be friendly and amicable to compromise.

What the editorial staff of the Danville papers was threatened with could happen in any city in the United States because of archaic laws concerning the rights of newsmen in a truly free society. Reporters can be jailed for not appearing in court at a designated time, they can be ordered to remain in witness rooms every day from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. throughout weeks or months of trials, they can be forced to remain "on call" for indefinite periods, they can be made to reveal confidential news sources under threat of contempt. As Mr. Farley said over the phone, "Our news blackout did not last long because the court and attorneys for both sides were

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friendly and cooperative. But it did demonstrate to us what can happen to freedom of the press in a locality where courts are adamant to newspapers and, for one reason or another, may seek to put a paper out of business for the time being."

Freedom of the press is by now such a cliché that no one pays much attention to it, not even professionals in the news business. But if we did not have freedom of the press in this country for a few days—even a few hours—almost every conscious American would become suddenly aware of the vacuum. Americans are as used to being well informed as they are used to being well fed, but there are parts of the earth where people starve both for body nourishment and information. Over one-third of the planet does not subscribe to that simple, powerful phrase "freedom of the press" for, in Communist countries and under all other forms of dictatorship, this is the first freedom done away with because it is most dangerous to the dictator. It's a simple fact that the monolith of authoritarianism cannot last long under the burning sun of facts, since human society is ultimately reasonable.

Maybe we overvalue the Danville case, puff it up beyond its true importance. But the ghosts of Nazi Germany, of Stalinist Russia, of religious dictatorship in every century and hemisphere, including our own, whisper the contrary. If it happened in Danville, Virginia, it can happen anywhere in the United States with an ending less felicitous, perhaps. It not only *can* happen here. It *has*. —R.L.T.

New Newspapers

There is a widely-held opinion that the newspaper business is in trouble, on its last legs, verging on financial disaster. It is an image born of strikes, suspensions and mergers which is far from a true picture. We have urged that newspaper people at all levels do everything possible to correct this damaging image. In the last week we have had stories of a new daily started, another about to be launched, and a third to be revived. A number of people in and out of the newspaper business are looking for newspapers to buy but they find there are more buyers than there are sellers. If newspapers are in such trouble why do businessmen start new ones and why doesn't every owner sell and get out? Because it just ain't so.

—From *Editor & Publisher*.

Letters to the Communications Editor

MEN AND BOYS

APROPOS of "Tobacco Troubles" [*SR* Aug. 10] and the move away from advertising appeal to youthful customers, I have been fascinated in a horrified sort of way by a current network commercial. It goes something like this:

1. Male chorus singing:
   "Luckies separate the men from the boys
   But not from the girls . . . ."
2. Announcer recalling instance of a baseball star's prowess that separated him (a man) from the boys.
3. Announcer pointing out that cigarette smoking is for adults and that his product really appeals to adult taste and should, therefore, be used by men and not by boys.

I am forced to believe that this effort is a cynical gesture. Anybody smart enough to do national advertising must know how a teen-ager would react to such a challenge: "Not man enough to smoke that cigarette, huh? Watch me." And anybody smart enough to do national advertising must know that the "separate the men from the boys" bit has always referred to masculine *achievement* that proves maturity.

And finally, what in the world does the "but not from the girls" mean? Not the men separated from the girls? Or not the cigarettes? Or what?

I'd like to believe that the company concerned just made a mistake in the choice of this routine and will correct it. Surely if the industry is sincere in its "restraint in curtailing its advertising aimed at young people" it will have to do better than that.

MARY B. CRAWFORD.
Pebble Beach, Calif.

PETER BART in his piece on the new strategy in tobacco advertising [*SR* Aug. 10] seems to have missed one point. By stressing the adult nature of smoking, the tobacco men are actually making smoking *more* attractive to many young people. We would have no problems concerning teen-age tobacco addiction if the laws now on the books in most localities were enforced. Here in Chicago, most retailers think nothing of selling cigarettes to minors, although it is contrary to public policy to do so.

ARNIE MATANKY.
Chicago, Ill.

PETER BART'S timely article, "Tobacco Troubles" [*SR*, Aug. 10], will bring him additional readers to those already following his spirited items in the *New York Times*.

With his customary precision he has presented the recent "display of virtue" by cigarette advertisers in its true light. I especially appreciated his comment that "the voluntary curbs were neatly tailored to gain maximum public relations impact at minimum sacrifice."

Continued monitoring of the tobacco companies' advertisements since their pious announcement of "good judgment and good taste" indicates that in spite of the statement "smoking is a pleasure meant for adults" the appeal is nevertheless 1) to smoke is to be an adult, and consequently 2) to smoke is to acquire girls.

So far the self-regulation campaign of the industry offers little prospect for control without the government regulation that Mr. Bart comments on.

MAURINE B. NEUBERGER,
United States Senator (Oregon).
Washington, D.C.

"AN ELOQUENT PLEA"

THANK YOU so much for that wonde editorial, "Last Chance at a TV Ch nel" [*SR* Aug. 10]. It was such a clear statement of this "decision-making" period in ETV and also an eloquent plea for greater public interest in "the greatest means of communication the world has ever known."

The National Congress of Parents and Teachers is intensely interested in the current potential for advancement in ETV, and on July 23 a letter went from me to all state PTA audio-visual chairmen giving them information about the forthcoming FCC plan for allocations. They were urged to participate in a study of the plan as it will affect each state and further urged to communicate ideas and opinions to the FCC.

I wish that I might have had your editorial before me when I wrote that letter. However, I shall call attention to it in the next letter and would like to quote from it, particularly the last paragraph. I am sure that educators and members of ETV commissions in the various states would be interested also.

MRS. ARTHUR SKELTON.
National Chairman, Committee on Audio-Visual Service,
National Congress of Parents and Teachers.
Seattle, Wash.

ENCOURAGING THE QUARTERBACK!

I JUST READ your article, "Quarterbacking a Nation's News" [*SR*, Aug. 10] and found it very encouraging. As long as we are privileged with the keen competition between AP and UPI in our news media, all that is left for us readers to do is to

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think. But how many people read the ...torial page of a paper or magazine? ...hese, how many will indulge in a ... research—or just plain digging—in search of data corroborative or otherwise? Doing so is fascinating. To most of us, however, news is just what tumbles out through the typewriters and the linotypes, zips through the presses, and is delivered at our respective doorsteps. Editorial policies, ferreting out news from responsible sources against deadlines, research, having some other organization fighting for your blood, so to speak—brother, these make life interesting. Too many want the competition taken out of even their humdrum lives. . . .

A. Donald Olson.

Spokane, Wash.

MENCKEN AND THE MOVIES

Charles Angoff's article on Mencken in the August 10 issue is welcome but too brief. Mencken as a prophet may have guessed wrong about *Time* and *Reader's Digest*, but in a *Chicago Tribune* piece dated July 3, 1927, he accurately predicted the revolt and liberation of the movies. He concluded: "When that day comes the movies will split into two halves, just as the theatre has split. There will be huge, banal, maudlin, idiotic movies for the mob, and no doubt the present movie magnates will continue to ...duce them. And there will be movies ...e by artists and for people who can ...ad and write."

Horace S. Peck.

New York, N.Y.

THE BBC WAS FIRST

In your August 10 issue John Tebbel confuses fact and mythology. The British Broadcasting Corporation was first with public television service, in 1936, and was responsible for the British 405-line standard. Service began in the U.S.A. in, I believe, 1938—hence the 525 lines. The BBC is not, as Mr. Tebbel puts it, "the government's." It is a self-governing body that was specifically constituted to be free of government control of programs. Its revenue is not from program guides, but from an annual license paid by each set owner. The licenses are sold at post offices, and the government charges the BBC commission for this clerical service. Until recently, the government also heavily taxed the BBC's income from licenses, and the BBC has made appeals to have the tax removed, to allow funds for improved television service.

Daniel G. Clark.

New York, N.Y.

Your magazine gives me much enjoyment ...h week, accompanied not infrequently ... sharp desire to answer back on some ...nt. This urge has been kept well under control, but now I really must challenge John Tebbel on the question of who was first in television. Is it possible he doesn't know that it was England? Do tell him!

M. A. McDonald.

Westmount, P.Q., Canada

I certainly agree with John Tebbel in his article "How Europe Fights Commercial TV" that "everybody knows America is first in war, first in peace, and, most of all, first in technology." His knowledgeable friend back home was also kind enough to explain to him another well-known fact: "Simply because America was first with television the standards of definition were set lower."

Actually, of course, like many other well-known facts, this is not true. The reason why "only England is inferior, with 405 lines" is that British TV standards were adopted when the BBC initiated regular television programs back in 1936—many years ahead of America. That one pays a price for being first cannot be disputed. It is a shame that Mr. Tebbel indicated that the wrong party was footing the bill.

J. A. A. Raper.

Jamesville, N.Y.

Without ever having seen European TV, or American tourists watching it, I am nevertheless extremely dubious that the lack of commercials makes them uncomfortable, impatient, irritated, or deprived. I have myself watched Chicago's WTTW by the hour with no such sensation of underprivilege. The programming (*Sewage and YOU!* and *How the Oboe Has Developed Through the Centuries*) sometimes gets me down; but the lack of unctiousness or emotional involvement in armpits never.

John A. Dunn.

Chicago, Ill.

In stating that the South African government opposes television on the ground that it will upset family life [*SR*, Aug. 10] the technical difficulty of introducing such a service in a sparsely populated country is ignored. Also ignored is the fact that there is no such country as the Union of South Africa. Please try to get a little more up-to-date.

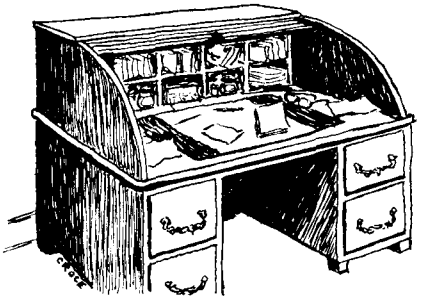
Beryl J. Greig.

New York, N.Y.

As an exasperated television watcher, I read John Tebbel's article, "How Europe Fights Commercial TV" [*SR* Aug. 10], with great interest. The Dutch method of paying for broadcasting through a fee and revenue from advertisements in weekly radio-television guides seems much better than our method of permitting commercials to interrupt programs, even news and public-interest programs.

Carol Orthmann.

South Milwaukee, Wis.



SOLUTION TO BAD COMMERCIALS

In reference to the letters from your readers printed in your August 10 issue on the subject of television commercials, it would seem that the annoying distractions that these commercials apparently create might be lessened if people turned to books instead of their television sets in the first place.

Nancy Poor.

Garden City, N.Y.

"A DUBIOUS STRATAGEM"

For the press to seek "grants from foundations or the government," as suggested by a letter contributor in your August 10 issue, strikes me as a dubious stratagem. Unfortunate as the disappearance through mergers of numerous once-prosperous newspapers is, subsidies hardly seem the answer to the problem.

It is axiomatic that he who pays the piper calls the tune. I seriously question whether the measure of independence now enjoyed by the press, modified though this is already by economic considerations, could be maintained were a system of underwriting by even the most liberal and broad-visioned of our foundations to be introduced. Wouldn't the reader be the chief sufferer? Emphasis and positioning can in countless ways alter news impact. Keeping one eye on the "sponsor" hardly seems conducive to impartiality.

Could not editors do far more to increase circulation by the simple device of turning out a more vibrant, readable, and challenging product? Encouraging home journalistic talent through provision of added space for better coverage suggests itself as one avenue for exploration. Were the concern for detail evident on the sports pages applied in other departments the results might be startling.

The burgeoning interest in cultural matters, for instance, ought to find reflection in something better than the sketchy accounts accorded such events. Evidently editors fear that comment in depth where concerts and theatrical premieres are the subject would tax the abilities of those assigned to them. Hence, in smaller communities these are rarely reviewed, but, instead, merely reported.

Making the most of whatever is available could do much to augment reader interest. Besides adding to newsstand sales, it might also serve to stimulate embryo writers pondering the pros and cons of careers in what was once deemed a highly promising field—journalism.

Thomas G. Morgansen.

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

LIVELY PR PIECES

I want to express my appreciation to *SR* for its lively Public Relations department. Mr. Golden's pieces cover a facet of the current scene that is of increasing importance. His plain speaking is a distinct service to the public and people who hope that public relations counseling can grow in usefulness and stature.

Larry Bogart, Director,
Council for Chemical Education.

New York, N.Y.

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PRESIDENTS AND THE PRESS

By JOHN TEBBEL

NOW THAT the New York *Herald Tribune* has been restored to the White House—at least on some desks—the class in Freedom of the Press is invited to emit a sigh of gratitude and open its journalism history textbooks to the chapter titled "Presidents Who Have Hated Newspapers." What a ghastly surprise! Nearly all of them have, in some degree. The strong ones have fought them hardest, the greatest have been the most tolerant, and only the weak Chief Executives, who were hardly noticed anyway, escaped the battle.

The history of the American newspaper is a record of the Establishment's effort to control the news, and of private individuals to disclose it without restriction. This struggle began as soon as George Washington took office in New York. No man ever entered the Presidency under circumstances of such universal veneration, and there were none whose personal standards were so high, yet almost at once he was under fire from the opposition press.

Washington had early misgivings about newspapers. In the dark days of 1777, as Commander in Chief, he had written to the President of Congress in words that have a distinctly contemporary ring: "It is much to be wished that our Printers were more discreet in many of their Publications. We see almost in every Paper, Proclamations or accounts transmitted by the Enemy, of an injurious nature. If some hint or caution could be given them on the Subject, it might be of material Service." The President and his Secretary of Defense were still wrestling with that problem nearly two centuries later.

Even before he took office, Washington thought newspapers were inaccurate, meddlesome, or both, although he was ready to defend their unrestricted circulation, believing they were essential to informing the public. But he was quite unprepared for the barrage of invective, innuendo, and calumny which descended upon him.

It began, just before the inauguration, with a repetition of the old charge that he had misappropriated Virginia property belonging to Lord Fairfax, his old friend and patron, an accusation the new President angrily challenged the slanderers to prove. Then, as he was drawn unwillingly into the growing war between Jefferson and Hamilton, Washington felt the full weight of the partisan press. He stood firm on his broad principles—no censorship except in wartime, no indirect censorship by post office regulation or taxation—but he believed with equal firmness that some matters were the business of government alone, and others ought not to be published if they hurt the image of the United States abroad.

The attacks of Jefferson's paper, the *National Gazette*, driven by the slashing pen of its editor, Philip Freneau, soon drove Washington to a frenzy, however. Jefferson himself has given us candid pictures of stormy scenes in the President's office when Washington was "sore & warm" and "much inflamed, got into one of those passions when he cannot command himself, ran on much on the personal abuse which had been bestowed on him" and declared that "*by god* he had rather be in his grave than in his present situation."

No wonder Washington wrote to his friend Edmund Pendleton: "We have some infamous Papers calculated for disturbing if not absolutely intended to disturb, the peace of the community."

THE worst offender was the Philadelphia *General Advertiser*, known as the *Aurora*, whose editor was Benjamin Franklin's young grandson, Benjamin Franklin Bache, known familiarly if not always affectionately as "Lightning Rod Junior." The *Aurora* accused the President of overdrawing his salary, and professed to regard most of his acts as unconstitutional. Washington called these stories "outrages on common decency." Bache's answer was to reprint forged and long since discredited letters of Washington designed to represent him as a disloyal commander in 1776.

When John Jay came back from London in 1795 with the treaty he had negotiated with the British, the President, knowing it would not satisfy the hotheads in Congress or Republicans in general, believed it ought to be kept secret until it could be discussed quietly in the Senate before it was submitted for ratification. But Bache somehow learned of the treaty's contents in a general way, and published an acount of it, full of inaccuracies. A Virginia Senator, seeking to correct these errors, then gave Bache an exact copy and with that a storm of criticism burst over Washington's innocent head, the essence of which was the *Aurora's* declaration that he "had violated the Constitution and made a treaty with a nation abhorred by our people." The present-day parallel is obvious.

In the end, the man who entered public office a national hero found himself referred to in the press as one whose character was composed of "little passions," "ingratitude," "want of merit," and "insignificance," a "frail mortal, whose passions and weaknesses are like those of other men, a spoiled child, a despot, an anemic imitation of the English kings."

It is understandable that when Washington left the Presidency he ca- fully managed the news of his de- ture. He prepared his Farewell Addr- carefully with the help of a Presidential ghost writer, Hamilton, and chose one of the few friendly newspapers, the *Pennsylvania Packet and Daily Advertiser*, which later became the first morning daily in America, to publish it. He summoned David Claypoole, who published the paper in partnership with John Dunlap, to his office and arranged the details of publication, giving the *Advertiser* an exclusive.

In the first draft of this now historic speech, Washington had paid his respects to the newspapers, writing that "some of the Gazettes" had "teemed with all the Invective that disappointment, ignorance of facts, and malicious falsehood could invent, to misrepresent my politics and affections; to wound my reputation and feelings; and to weaken, if not entirely destroy the confidence you had been pleased to repose in me; it might be expected at the parting scene of my public life that I should take some notice of such virulent abuse. But, as heretofore, I shall pass them over in utter silence never having myself, nor by any other with my participation or knowledge, written or pu- lished a Scrap in answer to any them."

Washington must have sensed the inconsistency and observed that he had scarcely passed over the sins of the press "in utter silence," because he changed his mind and omitted the para-

This article is based on Mr. Tebbel's new book, *The Compact History of the American Newspaper*, to be published soon by Hawthorn.

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graph in the second draft, in which he ·acteristically reduced references to elf to an absolute minimum. The ..ge did not save him. Bache greeted the famous address on the day after it was given with these words:

"If ever a nation was debauched by a man, the American nation has been debauched by Washington. If ever a nation has suffered from the improper influence of a man, the American nation has suffered from the influence of Washington. If ever a nation was deceived by a man, the American nation has been deceived by Washington. Let his conduct then be an example to future ages. Let it serve to be a warning that no man may be an idol. . . ."

Washington did not cancel any subscriptions while he was in office, although he complained that Freneau sent him three copies of each issue and apparently expected him to distribute them, but he did cancel nearly all the papers he had been reading when he went home to Mount Vernon, and only gradually resumed reading them later, when his deep resentments had cooled a little.

Jefferson, succeeding him, suffered the same kind of abuse but stood up ·nder it much better, fighting back ·i his own newspaper, the *National ..lligencer and Washington Advertiser*, edited by Samuel Harrison Smith, whose relatively moderate tone caused it to be referred to by the opposition as "Mr. Silky-Milky Smith's National Smoothing Plane."

Although he was equivocal about it at times, Jefferson emerged as a strong champion of the free press in its darkest period. He could write sometimes in despair, "The newspapers of our country by their abandoned spirit of falsehood, have more effectually destroyed the utility of the press than all the shackles devised by Bonaparte." Yet he was against restraining the press by any other means than the libel laws, and there is the memorable story of the Prussian minister, calling on him one day, reading a Federalist paper while he waited, and then bursting out: "Mr. President, why do you permit such libels?"

"Put that paper in your pocket, Baron," Jefferson answered, "and should you ever hear the reality of our liberty, the freedom of our press questioned, show them this paper—and tell them where you found it."

Andrew Jackson was the last of the ·idents to fight the opposition press ·y means of a Presidential newspaper, backed openly or covertly. His *Washington Globe*, an unabashed mouthpiece for the White House, also introduced the institution of the confidential adviser and aide. Amos Kendall, the *Globe*'s editor, became the first of a long line which included Colonel House, Harry Hopkins, Sherman Adams, and Theodore Sorensen.

Jackson rewarded friendly editors and publishers by giving them government jobs, a practice that embarrassed some of the other newspapers that supported him. But there were few friendly papers to be seen inside or outside the White House. As the late Claude Bowers noted, he was opposed by "two-thirds of the newspapers, four-fifths of the preachers, practically all the manufacturers, and seven-eighths of the banking capital."

By the time Abraham Lincoln arrived in Washington, the press was powerful enough to elect a President, or at least get one nominated, and Lincoln owed his nomination to the powerful maneuvering of Charles Ray and Joseph Medill, the proprietors of the Chicago *Tribune*. Once in office, however, nearly all the nation's newspapers turned on him with a display of vituperation not equaled since Washington's day. He was accused of every kind of misconduct—drawing his salary in gold bars, drunkenness, granting pardons to get votes, needless slaughter of men for the sake of victories, even treason. He was referred to by such epithets as "a slang-whanging stump speaker," "half-witted usurper," "mole-eyed," "the present turtle at the head of government," "the head ghoul at Washington."

Through all the abuse, the President exhibited the greatest patience and leniency, which his enemies mistook for weakness. He had a pardonable cynicism about newspapers, but he made no effort to attack them except for brief suppressions of the worst Copperhead organs during the war. His only constant supporters were the Springfield (Illinois) *Daily State Journal* and the administration's paper, the Washington *Daily Morning Chronicle*. Lincoln had suggested to John W. Forney, a Philadelphia publisher, that he come to Washington and establish the *Chronicle*, and Forney subsequently became "as near to Lincoln as any man in journalism or politics," according to Robert S. Harper.

On the single occasion that Lincoln did turn on the press, his anger was directed at the most powerful publisher and paper outside New York, Medill and his Chicago *Tribune*. In the dark hours of 1865, Medill had formed a committee of three in Chicago to come to Washington and make a personal protest to Lincoln over the draft call levied on that city.

Lincoln heard the committee quietly and then, as Medill himself recalled later, he said: "Gentlemen, after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing this war on the country. The Northwest has opposed the South as the Northeast has opposed the South. You called for war until we had it. You called for emancipation and I have given it to you. Whatever you have asked for you have had. Now you come here begging to be let off from the call for men which I have made to carry out the war which you have demanded. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I have a right to expect better things of you. Go home and raise your six thousand extra men. And you, Medill, are acting like a coward. You and your *Tribune* have had more influence than any paper in the Northwest in making this war. You can influence great masses and yet you cry to be spared at a moment when your cause is suffering. Go home and send us those men."

For once Medill was abashed. He wrote later: "It was the first time I ever was whipped, and I didn't have an answer. We all got up and went out, and when the door closed, one of my colleagues said, 'Well, gentlemen, the old man is right. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves. Let us never say anything about this, but go home and raise the men. . . ."

In the era of personal journalism that had begun before the Lincoln Administration and continued to the end of the century, every President felt the sting of powerful, arrogant men like the two James Gordon Bennetts, Charles Anderson Dana, Joseph Pulitzer, and others. Dana and his *Sun* were particularly never welcome in the White House. An able publisher with a cynical, perverse

—*Wide World.*

Harry S. Truman as seen in Pulitzer Prize cartoon by Fred L. Packer in the *New York Daily Mirror*.

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view of life, Dana coined the famous campaign phrase, "Turn the rascals out!" to attack his old friend Ulysses S. Grant. In the disputed Hayes-Tilden election of 1876, he took Tilden's side and refused to recognize Hayes as long as he was in office by any title except "the fraudulent President." To Dana, Garfield in 1880 was little better than a common thief, and he described Garfield's opponent, General Hancock, as "a good man, weighing 240 pounds." He opposed Cleveland because the President had refused him a political favor, and he had an even worse opinion of Cleveland's opponent, James G. Blaine.

THIS kind of abuse was not confined to the *Sun*. It was abundant, on one side or the other, in most major dailies, and after the disgraceful circulation battle between Pulitzer and Hearst over the Spanish-American War, it was quite believable that Theodore Roosevelt should come into the White House with a sour view of the press. He was particularly distrustful of Pulitzer's *World*, whose correspondent at San Juan Hill, Stephen Crane, had implied that the action there was not the most glorious episode in U.S. military history.

As the 1908 campaign neared its end, the *World* and its brilliant editor, Frank Cobb, were intent on finding out what had happened to the $40,000,000 paid by the United States for the rights of the defunct French company that had built the Panama Canal. The paper suspected that at least some of this money had gone to government insiders, and it charged that blackmailers were trying to get a part of these millions out of William Nelson Cromwell, the Roosevelt Administration's mystery man. On the eve of the election, the Indianapolis *News* published an editorial strongly attacking the whole deal and demanding to know the whereabouts of the money. This editorial was based on the *World*'s story, and both infuriated T. R. He was doubly incensed when Cobb published an editorial next day titled "The Panama Scandal—Let Congress Investigate," perhaps the strongest editorial aimed at a President since Lincoln's day, charging Roosevelt with "deliberate misstatements of facts in his scandalous personal attack" on Delavan Smith, publisher of the Indianapolis paper. In effect, the editorial charged the President with lying in four separate statements, adding that Roosevelt "must have known they were untrue when he made them."

That editorial placed the *World* at the top of a White House hate list that already included two other major New York papers. As Major Archie Butt reported: "He [the President] takes only the New York *Herald* and the New York *Tribune*. He knows he will not find anything in them to upset his digestion. 'I could not stand the *Evening Post* or the *Sun* after a hearty meal,' he said."

Answering the *World's* challenge, the President sent a special message to Congress denying any wrongdoing and then instigated a governmental criminal libel suit filed in District of Columbia Criminal Court against Pulitzer, his managing and night editors, the Press Publishing Company, Dele Smith, and his associate editor, Ch R. Williams. The law on which indictments were based had been written in the time of Charles II.

While Pulitzer, fearful of his shattered health, lurked prudently offshore in his yacht, aptly named the *Liberty*, the federal judiciary refused to back the President. The United States District Attorney in Indianapolis resigned, and a federal judge in that city dismissed the indictment against Smith and Williams. The United States Attorney General had the other indictments against Pulitzer and his editors dismissed. Under Roosevelt's prodding, the United States District Attorney for Southern New York, Henry L. Stimson, again invoked the criminal libel law against the *World* and its managing editor on a technicality, but the paper was upheld unanimously on appeal.

The *World* was no more popular with William Howard Taft, the next occupant of the White House. Archie Butt recounted this amusing tale:

"Last night after dinner, when he [Taft] asked if the New York papers had come, Mrs. Taft handed him the New York *World*.

" 'I don't want the *World*,' he s 'I have stopped reading it. It o makes me angry.'

" 'But you used to like it very much.'

" 'That was when it agreed with me, but it abuses me now, and so I don't want it.'

" 'You will never know what the other side is doing if you only read the *Sun* and *Tribune*,' she said.

" 'I don't care what the other side is doing,' he answered with irritation."

With Woodrow Wilson's election in 1912, the press believed it had achieved some respectability in Washington because the new President declared himself in favor of "pitiless publicity" for public business, and backed his conviction by instituting the first formal, regular White House press conferences. But this shy and sensitive man apparently did not realize how "pitiless" the publicity could be, and that it would include himself and his family. Soon he was writing to a friend: "Do not believe anything you read in the newspapers. If you read the papers I see, they are utterly untrustworthy. They represent the obstacles as existing which they wish to have exist, whether they are actual or not. Re the editorial page and you will kn what you will find in the news colum For unless they are grossly careless the two always support one another. The lying is shameless and colossal."

Yet the President never did battle

(*Continued on page 77*)

Theodore Roosevelt as seen by Spencer in the Omaha *World Herald*.

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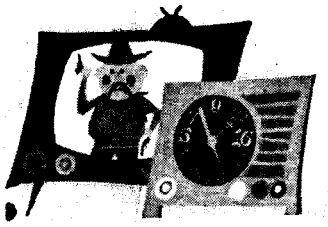
Audio/Video



Editorials on the Air

BROADCASTERS must win friends and influence Congressmen, federal agency regulators, and the general public. Sometimes, however, despite their best efforts, they strike out. Recently they struck out twice, and both incidents suggest a basic problem in broadcasting today.

Sherwood R. Gordon, who owns two radio stations (one in San Diego, the other in Mesa, Arizona), testified recently before the House Communications and Power Subcommittee, which is holding hearings on editorializing by broadcasters. Mr. Gordon said he endorses candidates on the air during election campaigns but he does not offer rebuttal time to opposing candidates because they "might water down my own point of view." Representative Glenn Cunningham, a Nebraska Republican, is reported to have remarked, "I wasn't at all disturbed about editorializing—until Gordon. Now I have become alarmed." The policy of the station owner suggests either that he doesn't understand the FCC's "fairness doctrine" governing controversial material or that he doesn't agree with it and deliberately flouts it.

But the starting comment was at least honest, and indicative of a problem that transcends this specific case. Confusion does exist concerning editorial endorsement of political candidates by stations; and the current House hearings are aimed at clearing up the guidelines. Congressional amendments to Section 315 of the Communications Act have spelled out the manner in which licensees should handle the sale or free grant of air time to candidates. A station's editorial views during elections are presumed to be covered by the commission's fairness policy, which requires licensees to seek out and give hearings to all sides of a controversy. Recent examples of lack of fairness by stations, however, have prompted both Congress and the FCC to take another look at the problem. The commission thinks present rules are adequate; many Congressmen are not so sure. The search for a fair, practical solution to a difficult problem goes on, and many licensees contribute helpfully to the debate. But broadcasting also has its wild men—and invariably it is these who arouse the distrust of the legislators as well as the interested public.

My own doubts are frequently inspired by sharply controversial communications which are mailed to me by broadcasters. In San Francisco recently, Television Affiliates Corporation (an organization of broadcasters) held a "Programming Conference" that included a panel on editorializing. George Whitney, vice-president of KFMB in San Diego, a member of the Editorializing Committee of the National Association of Broadcasters, made a speech before that panel, and the text was sent out as a press release. The speech was largely an emotional argument calculated to please an audience of broadcasters. Generally, it urged resistance to *alleged* government efforts to make broadcasters "mere tools of propaganda, to be used by whichever political party is in power as part of a spoils system."

The speaker's rhetoric was representative of the cruder industry variety. He also quoted from a 1963 Minority Report of a Senate Subcommittee dealing with Section 315. The Congressional quotation questioned the wisdom of trusting stations to decide which political candidates should be afforded opportunities to broadcast. The report said in part: "Judging from the quality of editorial opinions now expressed by most stations upon subjects of community interest, there is no reason to expect a highly informed or responsible activity in the political field." Mr. Whitney, in his San Francisco speech, was not addressing himself to Section 315 but was protesting restrictions on a licensee's right to editorialize. The San Diego broadcaster, setting the Congressional quotation in the context of the editorial issue, made it appear as if the legislators were opposed to the broadcasters' right to editorialize. I checked the minority report in my files and found that it strongly supported the right of the broadcasters to editorialize—a fact that Mr. Whitney should have communicated in his remarks to avoid distortion. Said the Congressional report: "Licensees should editorialize. Strong convictions are to be encouraged. It is in the quagmire of moderation that intellectual integrity suffers the most. Individual licensees have the responsibility for determining specific material for broadcast. This responsibility, however, carries with it the obligation on the part of the licensee not to impose personal private restraints which deprive the public of its right to hear opposing positions on the critical issues. Above all, the principle of absolute fairness should apply."

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

"Heads, I won, Hartley! We name it after *you*."

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—Photos by D. J. Ransohoff.

Cincinnati's Riverview Neighborhood House in action—an integrated program of after-school activities for a tenement district.

COMMUNICATING A COMMUNITY SERVICE

A United Appeal fund-raising picture (used on a Sunday magazine section cover) illustrated importance of trained physiotherapists in cerebral palsy rehabilitation work.

By MARGARET R. WEISS

THERE are probably few full-time social workers who would find the leisurely pursuit of picture-taking compatible with their crowded daily schedules. One who does, however, is Daniel J. Ransohoff of Family Service of the Cincinnati Area. As Community Services Director of this private agency concerned with public health and welfare, he has put his camera to work recording social conditions, interpreting community problems, and pointing up the services that can help alleviate them.

For more than ten years Mr. Ransohoff's hobby interest has been kept "in the line of duty"; his photographs are for the exclusive use of his and other social service agencies. Pamphlets, annual reports, newspaper and magazine features, posters, exhibits, slide programs—all the fund-raising media that make graphic appeals t combat disease, delinquency, disaster and despair—have been highlighted by Ransohoff pictures.

In his post at Family Service, he has shown that photographs "spell out" a story more quickly, clearly, and power-

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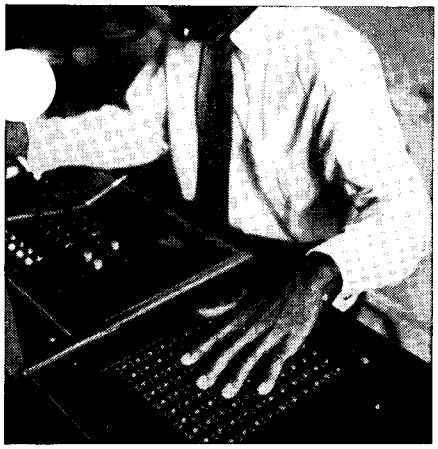


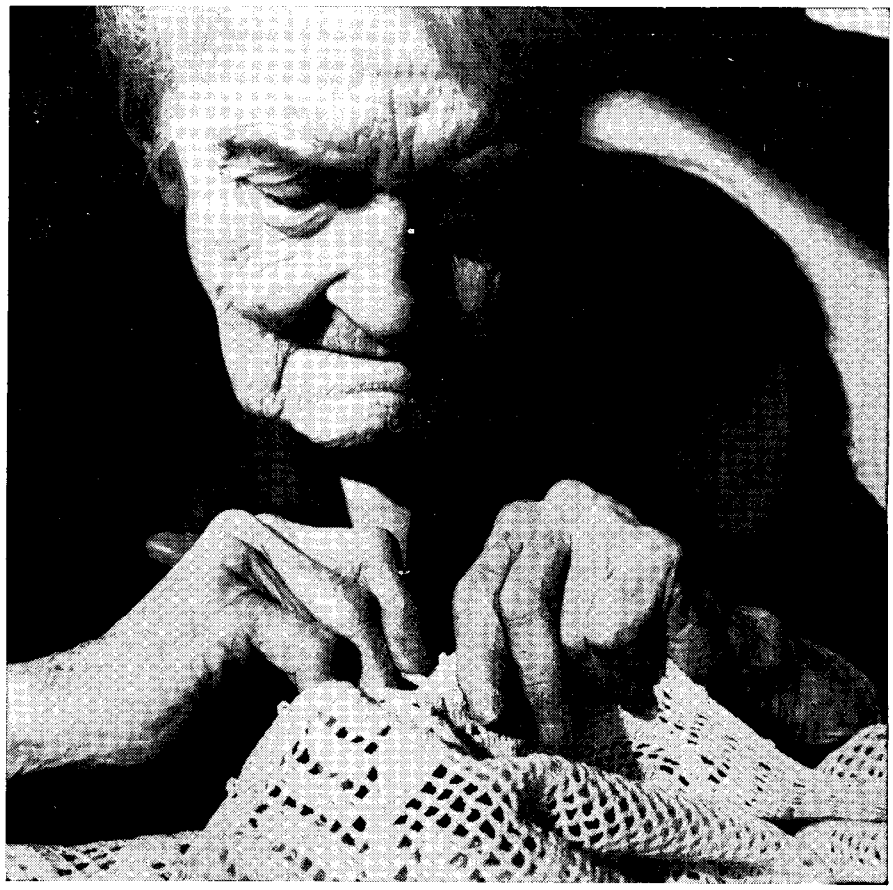
A Braille switchboard is as rapid and efficient as a regular board—and it gives a blind person employment after training at the Goodwill Rehabilitation Center.

fully than any other means of communication—perhaps because of their inherent capacity for conveying mood and evoking emotional response. "On twenty different occasions when I spoke before small church and civic groups," he relates, "I placed a pile of mimeographed statements on the left-hand side of the desk, and on the right-hand side I placed a pile of photo-illustrated leaflets. After the close of the meetings, the illustrated leaflets were invariably gone—and the mimeographed statements scarcely ever touched."

A picture may feature a particular need for the agency's services or illustrate accomplishments of a specific program. "The important thing is to photograph people, faces, and action . . . to show how 'this old lady was helped by the agency,' or how 'that child's need could be met if the agency had the resources.' "

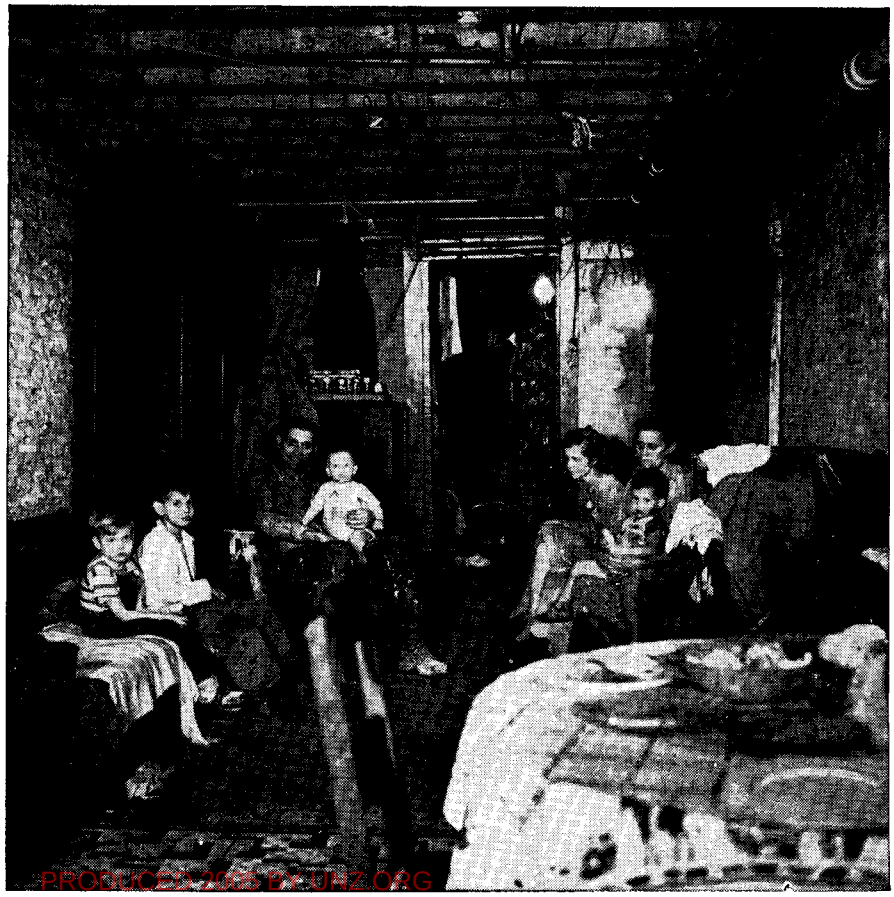
Though he ranks himself only as a "competent amateur," Daniel Ransohoff's photos have been accorded a one-man show at the Cincinnati Art Museum, examples of his work were hung in two other exhibitions in the Contemporary Arts Center of that museum, and one of his pictures for a county-home bond issue was included in Edward Steichen's renowned *Family of Man* exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art.

Recently, Mr. Ransohoff commented: "In a society where the flow of communication has become a torrent . . . those of us interested in health and welfare services have more responsibility than ever to make our communications effective if we have conviction about our profession." His professional record attests to a strong personal conviction; his picture record demonstrates the effectiveness of his camera in community service.



"To help older people lead useful, active and, if possible, economically independent lives" epitomizes one goal of social agency's counseling service.

"Nearly half the buildings in the Basin Area are more than 80 years old . . . 50% of the families live in 2 rooms or less . . . death rate from TB is 6 times as high as in other areas of the city . . ." The reportorial photo spearheaded community action and reform.



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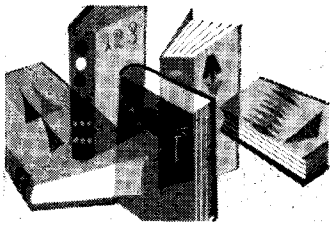
Books in Communications



The Silent Press

DOES religion—Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish—have anything relevant to say about foreign policy, about disarmament, about collective bargaining, about the conduct of businessmen? Can it offer any guides to the man who writes cigarette commercials? Does it, in short, have any answers to the benumbing and bewildering web of secular problems that perplex, or at any rate ought to perplex, every one of us? The answer may be, as I think it is, that its accumulated moral and ethical experience can give religion a secular relevance that may come as something of a surprise in a nation more inclined to trust the psychiatrist than the clergyman. But if there is any such relevance in religion today, one would hardly guess it from an examination of that largely unnoticed (or perhaps justifiably ignored) backwater of American journalism, the religious press.

Any reader acquainted with even the smallest segment of the innumerable religious periodicals appearing in America today (one estimate puts the figure at 1,500) is likely to have arrived, no doubt with a vast yawn, at the same conclusion. Not even the profoundest piety can turn the average local congregation's house organ into the *New York Times*. Considerably more surprising, however, is the fact that three men closely identified with religious publications, writing in *The Religious Press in America* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $4), not only echo the layman's lament but also engage in some self-criticism that, for sheer candidness, would do credit to any professional journalist. The Protestant press is "humorless, unimaginative." The Catholic press "waivers [sic] indecisively." The Jewish press is characterized by "general vacuity and religious aimlessness." Though admittedly—and perhaps somewhat impolitely—torn from context here, these phrases at least suggest one significant value of a generally significant and valuable book: that the authors, apparently given carte blanche by the publisher, have taken their assignment seriously enough to arrive at some honest and often unflattering assessments. Nor is the problem of the religious press simply a trivial one that nobody but those directly involved should bother about in the first place: circulation figures alone, some of them well over 1,000,000, give religious publications, whether locally produced newsletters or nationally known magazines like *America*, *The Christian Century*, and *Commentary*, a potential strength that has gone largely unrecognized.

Writing about the Protestant press, Martin E. Marty, a Lutheran minister and associate editor of *The Christian Century*, points out that the typical publisher "seeks to define culture in Protestant terms, and to regret or denounce the emergent cultures which supplant Protestant forms." The Protestant press thus tends to be insular, directed exclusively to Protestants, and heavily weighted with trivia about denominational affairs. Among the solutions he proposes are a consolidation of periodicals ("There are too many saying too little of consequences to too few"), a more independent press, and a redirection of editorial material to those outside a periodical's specific denomination.

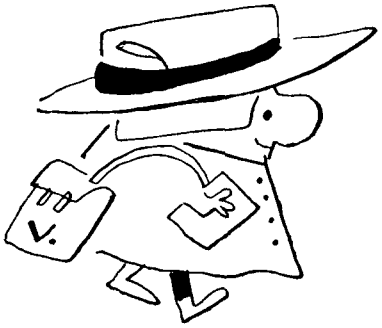
The Catholic press is examined by John G. Deedy, Jr., editor of the *Pittsburgh Catholic*, who argues that by its shifting concern with the spiritual and temporal it is not only "weak and indecisive" but also misleading. He urges that the Catholic press, with its total circulation of nearly 27,000,000, should function less in denominational affairs and address itself more to temporal matters: "A focused Catholic press . . . would have the double advantage of doing away with current attitudes of spiritual adolescence and, in the process, making itself and its readers more relevant."

Nor does the Jewish press fare any better at the hands of Rabbi David W. Silverman of the Conservative Synagogue of Riverdale, New York, a former managing editor of *United Synagogue Review*. It is, he wri' weakened by "slipshod journa standards" and an "absence of crit. comment on the American Jewish scene from a religious point of view." His proposed solution interestingly echoes both the Catholic and Protestant viewpoints:

> Because the American synagogue has not yet cleared its throat of the encrustations of ethnicity, its voice is not often heard on either religious or social problems. . . . The English-Jewish press . . . could do a great deal to reawaken the theological dimension and social concern of American Judaism, and direct it outward—toward American society as a whole. It might even indicate that American Jews could co-operate with Protestants and Catholics on issues that are of transcendent concern to all three groups, such as the race problem in the United States, nuclear testing, and disarmament, *but from a specifically Jewish point of view*. Joint action, undertaken from different and even contradictory religious points of view, is both problem and prospect for the American Jewish community.

The fundamental problem, as Robert Lekachman points out in a c cluding commentary on the t essays, is the paradox that the religiou press is too often at its best when it is least religious. Its editors, some of them notably skilled at their craft, not infrequently rival the secular press in judgment, news sense, and the handling of stories. But the crucial question is this: If the secular press is already doing a job, why should the religious press try to duplicate that job? As Mr. Lekachman, a former member of the Fund for the Republic's study commission on Religion and the Free Society, writes: "I am disappointed . . . not in the literary standards of the best religious journals, but in their too-infrequent incapacity to sound a clear religious note in the public dialogue."

That, after all, ought to be at least one function of a religious press—to add another voice to the discussion of public issues. And *The Religious Press in America* suggests some hopeful, if tentative, steps toward that goal. For whatever his religious interest or disinterest, an adventurer in the American experiment cannot but welcome any fellow pioneer who tries to cle the path ahead. —JAMES F. FIXX



LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 2, 7, 12, 17, 16, 18, 11, 3, 8, 10, 6, 1, 14, 15, 13, 9, 5, 4.

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MISINFORMATION: SHADOW OVER THE

MENTALLY ILL

One American in ten is suffering from a serious emotional or mental problem. Twenty million Americans are afflicted. Almost every family is affected. Yet, among the great majority, the dark shadow of misinformation—or no information—prevents understanding, and often delays treatment and cure.

To help dispel this shadow, Redbook Magazine some months ago commissioned a report that would treat mental illness in a basic, from the ground up manner, with careful explanations and definitions. That is, in a manner consistent with the actual living situation of our Young Adult readers—newly married, newly settled in communities far from their home towns, and newly exposed to the pressures of raising families. The report appears in the current issue, an ABC discussion of non-critical emotional illnesses, character disorders, psychosomatic diseases, neuroses, psychoses, various therapies—from psychoanalysis to pastoral counseling, costs, referrals, agencies and much else. Twelve full pages of unembroidered information hopefully designed to be of practical help to the family of a "one in ten." Hopefully published in an effort to create greater, more practical, and less emotional attention to this grave problem.

REDBOOK
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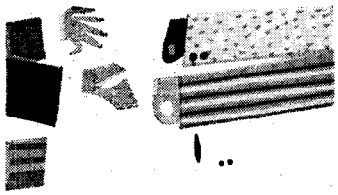
Public Relations



How Harvard Does it

A COLLEGE and a business, despite their many differences, have a fundamental similarity in public relations. Neither can function without public consent. Both have "publics" that have to be satisfied if they are to do their jobs.

There is no college or university of importance that does not have a public relations department and a public relations director, regardless of the title used. Some colleges avoid the use of the words "public relations." They may call the public relations director "director of university relations," or "information director," or "assistant to the president," or "news director." Whatever name is used, however, the purpose of the department and the man is the same.

As colleges differ, so does the manner of carrying out the public relations function. And while Harvard University is by no means typical, it is worth looking at for many reasons, not the least of which is Harvard's educational importance in the free world, the world in which public opinion has an all-important influence.

Harvard's president, Nathan M. Pusey, has seven "staff" officers who are all involved in public relations, although the words "public relations" are never used in connection with any of them. Each of these seven men is directly responsible to Mr. Pusey and reports directly to him. Each of these has the responsibility of informing large and important "publics."

In addition, many aspects of Harvard's relations with these publics are directed by the deans of the faculties. The deans are all active in relations with their own alumni, private donors, foundations, federal agencies, the community, the press, and the general public. The public relations function, in other words, continues with sharper focus in each dean's office.

Public relations policy for the university is set by President Pusey. Within each faculty the dean sets policy. Conflict is avoided, both in policy and tactics, by the liaison of the staff officers with the faculty office staffs and with the deans.

The functions of each of Mr. Pusey's assistants are interesting. The Secretary of the Governing Boards has charge, among other things, of the private and public use of buildings. He is Harvard's representative for television, radio and the Lowell Institute Cooperative Broadcasting Council. He handles all official correspondence and in many other ways affects the impression that Harvard makes on alumni and the public.

The Assistant to the President, or personal assistant, keeps Mr. Pusey's office running. He is a short cut for communications, assists with the correspondence of the university, helps with research and editorial work, serves on the board of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, is editor of the semiannual publication *Harvard Today*, and is directly responsible for the Publications Office (*University Gazette* and *Official Register*), the Alumni Records Office, and the Class Report Office.

The Assistant to the President for Development has the general responsibility of the Development Office, which receives and acknowledges gifts to Harvard, handles general donor relationships and the continuing search for gift sources (whether individuals, foundations, or corporations), and publishes a biennial magazine for all Harvard alumni. The Development Assistant also acts as part of a clearing-house for information to prevent too frequent solicitation of the same potential sources of funds. While his job is in large measure a fund-raising operation, he is not in charge of all fund-raising at the university. Each of the principal graduate schools has people on its staff primarily concerned with fund-raising.

The Assistant to the President for Civil Affairs is in effect the full-time ambassador to the cities of Cambr and Boston. In business he woul in charge of community relations in a corporate public relations department. As the communications link between Harvard and the two communities with which it is most closely involved, he is active in fourteen local organizations.

The University Marshal arranges special programs for about 1,000 individual official visitors a year, mostly from foreign institutions, sets up tours of the campus by special groups, and arranges Harvard Commencement and other university ceremonies.

The General Secretary of the Alumni is the key man charged with keeping in touch with the alumni of Harvard. His general responsibility includes coordination of the organizations that keep the lines open between the university and the individual schools, which, except for Harvard College, have their own alumni associations. In addition, 130 active Harvard Clubs in this country and abroad are serviced by the Alumni Office.

THE News Officer of the university handles all queries from newspapers, radio and television newsmen, mac zine writers, wire services, news ma zines, Boston and New York dailies, a local and regional radio and TV. He also helps foreign journalists and visiting reporters.

The News Officer searches for and reports developments within the university which might be of interest to the public. When he finds what he wants he puts out a press release. He does no "placement"; that is, he does not push for stories. He has a staff of three more trained newsmen—a general assistant, a science writer, and a photographic editor. An editorial assistant directs part-time student workers in distributing news about individual students to their home newspapers.

Three other full-time news centers function within the university: the Office of the Director of Medical Information, the Radcliffe College News Office, and the Office of Director of Sports Information. Added to these are liaison officers in the graduate schools and other centers who work closely with the News Office in answering queries.

A short time ago, Mr. Pusey's personal assistant, speaking to an alumni group about Harvard's public relatio told them that "President Pusey votes a major part of his life to the question of Harvard's public image."

That's the way Harvard does it. It tries to satisfy the public that the job it's doing is worth while.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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Presidents and the Press

Continued from page 70

.h individual newspapers of publishers. He simply disapproved of the way newspapers operated, and he never understood their practices. Taft thought Wilson was a better manager of news than most people imagined. He wrote to Elihu Root: "The use of the Washington correspondents by this administration has been masterly and . . . moves me to say that Theodore is not the only pebble on the beach in the use of the press."

Thus the White House passed into an era that saw the rise of sophisticated masters of the press like Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was as universally opposed by the newspapers as Jackson but did battle with them in a joyous, cynical kind of way that further infuriated his enemies and endeared him to his friends. Harry Truman's blunt way with the newspapers was the subject of legend and anecdote, while General Eisenhower's cold war with part of the press became a journalistic iceberg, with only its snowy top appearing above the surface. Probably no President since FDR has so enjoyed dealing with the press as Mr. Kennedy, ·r has any other been so good at it, *Herald Tribune*'s banishment notwithstanding. Under his regime the White House has probably been closer to the press, even the hostile majority of it, than any other before it.

In the long view, the occupants of the White House have been remarkable in their toleration of newspaper attacks, which have often been vicious and irresponsible beyond belief. Without exception, and under extreme pressure, they have clung to the basic conviction that the press is basic to the proper functioning of a democracy.

In their after-dinner speeches, publishers are fond of quoting Jefferson's celebrated opinion that "were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter." They seldom add the next sentence: "But I should mean that every man should receive those papers, and be capable of reading them."

Washington, whose personal sufferings were the most severe because of his sensitive character, exhibited in the ·nd the spirit that has animated those ·o came after him. On the night ·fore he died, he sat up until 9 P.M. reading the newspapers, and his last utterance on any public matter that last evening was to argue "with some degree of asperity" about something he had read in the paper.

Santa uses soft sell to put a book in every sock

Santa, in this case, happens to be our own Denver Post book editor, Stanton Peckham. Stan's stimulating reviews appear every Sunday in The Denver Post's sizable book section. The Peckham brand of soft sell has a way of whetting appetites for reading in homes throughout the Rocky Mountain Empire.

In a special children's book section to be published November 10th, Santa Peckham and his helpers will cover juveniles all the way from Grosset's "I Got a Camel for Christmas" through Macmillan's "Marvelous Tales" and Random House's "Landmark Books."

If you have a juvenile you would like to put into Christmas socks throughout the West, tell people about it in the Sunday, November 10th issue of THE DENVER POST.

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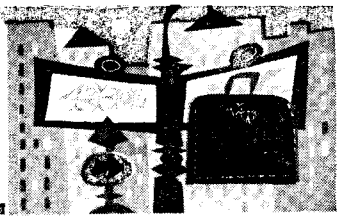
Madison Avenue



The Busy Ghosts

LITERARY trend-spotters have devoted scant attention to what is probably the nation's busiest and fastest-growing school of communicators. These are the men who grind out a curious form of literature known as "the business speech"—talks prepared for delivery by business leaders before civic associations, women's groups, and other organizations.

There was once a time when businessmen were a bit reticent about public speaking, but these times are gone forever. Today's business leader aggressively seeks out speaking dates before all sorts of groups, and there is bitter rivalry for choice engagements.

Madison Avenue is at least partially responsible for this turnabout. Advertising men have insistently lectured their clients about the importance of creating a good public image. When business leaders get out and carry their ideas to the people, they have said, it is not only good advertising for the company but also good advertising for the free enterprise system.

Spurred by this belief, some big companies have organized top executives into speaking pools that can quickly supply an orator for any occasion. Republic Steel's pool boasts that it averages over 500 speeches a year.

While devoting all this time to delivering speeches, few businessmen have the time or inclination to write them. This chore is usually turned over to a professional ghost writer employed either by the company or by its advertising or public relations agencies.

Ideally, the hard-working ghost will sit down with the prospective speaker and find out some of the ideas he wants to get across. In actual practice, however, there is usually no time even for a brief confrontation.

"I rarely even see the man for whom I'm writing," says a veteran ghost who labors for a Madison Avenue advertising agency. "I usually just put together some 'canned' ideas that I think will please the old boy."

Most seasoned ghosts have devoted considerable time to analyzing "the business mind" and believe they can usually calculate what a given businessman would like to say. The ghosts' opinions are not particularly flattering to the business community.

"When you're writing a speech, you have to bear in mind that most businessmen have a peculiar inferiority complex about their contribution to society," says one high-paid ghost who works for one of the nation's biggest companies. "When you write for them you have to pamper their egos. Let them tell how business really made America great—that's the stuff they want to talk about."

This ghost pointed with special admiration to a recent speech in which the president of the Newspaper Advertising Executives Association proposed that the National Association of Manufacturers be re-christened "MOA —The Makers of America." Said the ghost: "That's a great line. I intend to steal it."

Sometimes, in their efforts to please their clients, ghosts are driven to some incredible flights of exaggeration. A year ago, one ghost writer for an advertising agency had his president deliver a speech built on the theme that it was advertising that built the American economy—athesis most economists would argue with.

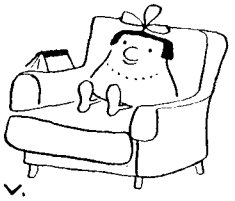
Still another ghost recently prepared a talk for the head of a big outdoor advertising company asserting that billboards constituted "the first line of defense in the flight to preserve and enlarge our freedom to communicate."

Once they've exhausted this approach, most ghost writers next turn their attention to another familiar subject—attacks on "Big Government." "There's absolutely nothing you can say against the federal government that businessmen won't applaud," says one ghost.

Thus a ghost working for U.S. Steel recently wrote a speech for a vice president charging that "bureaucracy and wasteful government spending" were "stifling" the ordinary citizen. "The government," said the speech, "discriminates against those who want to work with freedom from compulsion."

These remarks were mild compared with a talk prepared for the recently retired chairman of one of the nation's biggest chemical companies. The executive charged that America had lost World War II because taxes were now higher and imports were rising.

In tackling any subject, most ghosts rigidly adhere to one all-important principle—"keep it simple." They reason that neither businessmen nor their audiences have patience for abstract



ideas. "What people really yearn for is oversimplification," says one elderly corporate ghost.

This premise is readily apparent in many speeches. The president of a major stainless steel company argued recently that "a simple change of attitude, without the addition of one nickel's worth of new equipment, could raise American productivity by $50 billion a year." The recommended "change of attitude," it turns out, would call for the typical working man to decide that the future of the economy depended solely on his efforts to work harder for the same pay.

Business ghosts as a rule hold no illusions about their strange craft. "This is hack work," concedes one ghost. "The tragedy of it is that we might really be able to make a contribution in helping the business community communicate its views if only the businessmen would take us seriously. Unfortunately, most businessmen just aren't interested in ideas. They think that a speech, like an income tax form, is something you pay someone to prepare."

Another veteran ghost has found a way to forget his frustrations, however. "I regard my speeches as pure fiction," he says. "And where can you get better pay for fiction these days?"

—PETER BART.

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Wilbur Schramm, Jack Lyle, and Ithiel de Sola Pool

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Dialogue

Continued from page 29

sure, my character, or the lack of it, is touched upon in passing. But what emerges as the enemy is the very act of attempted analysis.

In my "Letter to Letter-Writers" (*SR*, May 17, 1958) I tried to reply to those readers who fear all technical discussion as a "desecration of beauty." There is one anecdote I wish I might have included in that reply but could not because the incident described had not yet taken place. Let me offer it here as a postscript years after the fact. Appropriately, the anecdote offers a reply from Robert Frost himself.

One evening at Bread Loaf Mr. Frost was reading his poems and talking about them. He was often a sort of horse trader in ideas. He seemed to pull out a conceptual stick to whittle while he talked *around* the idea he was trading for, rambling off in what seemed to be indirection, only to turn and surprise the idea from behind. It could be a great performance, and that night's was one of his greatest.

His conceptual stick for the occasion
"technical tricks": he wanted to
us about some of his. He read a poem, paused to ask the audience in what meter it was written, and then had fun scolding those who did not know it was in hendecasyllabics. A bit later he interrupted a reading to say he was "a synecdochist by profession," and went on to have his fun with those who did not know which trope a synecdoche is, or even that it is a trope. So he went on. He pointed out rhyme pairings in which he took special pleasure. He paused to underline some of what he called his "bright ideas" for the management of the poem. He had things to say about "the tune" of this poem and that. He was well cast in the role of the master craftsman and he was having a good time.

I had been watching a sweet elderly lady in the second row. She had been giving signs of increasing agitation as the talk went on. The applause had hardly died down when she was on her feet, waving her arm furiously for attention, and spilling out the question she had been repressing (if it could be called a question) even as she called
attention. "But, Mr. Frost," she
d, "*surely* when you are writing one
your *beautiful poems*, *surely* you can't be thinking about"—and here her voice slurred the dirty words—"about *technical tricks!*"

Mr. Frost put his hands together, the spread fingers touching tip to tip, looked owlish for a moment, and then leaned forward into the microphone and said in a playfully gravelly bass: "I *revel* in 'em!"

As I say, I wish I might have had that anecdote available at the time for the benefit of those readers who seem to think that technique is an affront to "beauty," that the piano plays itself without the need for painful learning, that arias sing themselves without scholarship, and that poems are the product of mindless effusion untouched by the disciplines of technique.

It is just the ubiquity of such mindlessness that makes so many good poets and good critics despair of anything like a "general audience." Perhaps it is as a confession of failure that I must add I am not yet desperate. As the sermonizer in residence, I have no choice but to preach against the sinfulness of such persons, and to remain unmoved by their protests. There may be no such heaven as I dream of preaching. In the dream of it, however, though heaven must not be forbidden any man, it simply will not do to offer encouragement to the vacuous.

Of this particular controversy, I can say I did not know the gun was loaded. In hindsight, of course, I can see both that it was, and why. Of this and other controversies, moreover, I can also see in hindsight—and in ways the general reader could not know—that the gun was to some extent pre-cocked.

I CAME to *SR* in January of 1956 after the death of Amy Loveman. Miss Loveman, a gentle and sympathetic lady whom I scarcely knew but who seems to have been loved by all who did know her, did not pretend to be a poetry editor. She was an associate editor who had begun to handle poetry by way of giving a hand to William Rose Benét, and who continued to handle it on her own after Mr. Benét's death because no one else then on the staff would take it on. Because she was a loyal and gracious friend, and because she had spent most of her life in New York literary circles, she accepted many poems out of loyalty to old friends. Or perhaps Miss Loveman was right in her taste and I have been wrong, but in any case our tastes were not alike. So it was that I found myself with an uncomfortable legacy on my hands.

My first act at *SR*, after I had told the editor that I would look things over, was to read through the poetry files. One of the fattest was labeled "Accepted Poems Not in Type." (Perhaps I should explain that *SR* uses poems primarily as "filler." Accepted poems are set in type and held in the make-up department. When a "hole" appears in the paste-up of a forthcoming issue, the girls in make-up go through the file of "Poems in Type" and pick out one that will fit the "hole.")

There were 181 poems in the first file. I read through them in dismay, and turned to the thinner file of poems in type. I read thirty-two more with the same sensations. When I had finished, I had to conclude that barring one or two borderline cases (about which I could generate no enthusiasm) there was not a poem in either file I should myself have accepted for publication. Two hundred and thirteen poems, morever, add up to, roughly, a two-year supply at *SR*'s rate of publication. The question before me was simple enough: "How can I hope to establish an editorial policy of my own with the first two years of my selections already set by a taste so different from mine?" The obvious answer was that I could not.

Back I went to the editor's office to say I could see no way of taking on the job as things stood. I had been asked to set a poetry policy for *SR*, and unless I could start with a clean slate, there was too little I could do: the poems had to go back. I could see that to return them would call lions howling from their dens and I offered to step aside and let someone else try it, but if it was my job to do, it had to be on my terms.

NC (to fall back on the standard office-memo designation) was understandably reluctant, but he granted my point and agreed to let me return the poems.

Let me say, as office history, that I have at times fought with NC. At the time of the controversy over *The Unicorn*, he wrote an editorial ("John Ciardi and the Readers," *SR*, Feb. 16, 1957) saying I was unnecessarily rough—to the point where my review was in bad taste. I was furious at his Monday-morning quarterbacking and quit cold, though my letter (from Rome, as it happened) was hot enough. We patched that one up with a careful treaty. I have since squabbled with him a few times over *SR* policy. But you fight this man with respect. Leaving that editorial rift between us to healing time, I have learned comfortably but gratefully that he will stand to principle, and that he will back the principles he has stood to.

With NC's reluctant approval I returned the backed-up accumulation of poems—all but a few of those in type, which had to be held for the first few issues. A bit over 200 of them went back to their authors.

Back to me came the outraged letters. Two hundred or so offended

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poets, moreover, can turn out to be the wives, husbands, parents, relatives, and social and emotional collabora[illegible] of an astonishing number of pe[illegible] Before I had published a wor[illegible] *SR*'s poetry editor, within two weeks of the return of the poems, I had a cardboard carton full of letters written between rage and anguish.

Nor was it coincidence that many of those letters bore signatures I was to find again and again attached to angry letters to the editor. I am happy to say that by now many of those first furious ones have made good their repeated threats to drop their subscription. *SR*'s circulation manager will perhaps be alarmed by my pleasure in the fact. But I must take even such cancellation as a hope that the dialogue may continue in reason rather than in heat, and that it will become increasingly possible in *SR* to discuss poetry as a passionate, disciplined, and venturesome form of human awareness.

For my faith—my perturbed faith—in this audience remains, and not as an article of employment, but as one of faith in the communicability of human perceptions. Poetry needs its *avant-garde*, it needs its specialists; it even needs its jargonauts and its lunatic fringe. But with no though[illegible] bowing to the general audience a[illegible] ideal one, I shall still believe tha[illegible] poetry may be served by such a body of general readers. Some among them can certainly be brought to a more than merely general interest in poetry. And what point can there be in lumping those hopeful ones with the sweet but hopeless lovers of vague beauty? The dear lady who asked Mr. Frost her dear question looked suspiciously like an *SR* reader, but I must insist on thinking of her as the bottom of the barrel. I know that above her, on whatever scale does measure, there are those in the audience who have minds that may be spoken to and perceptions capable of enlargement.

I hope the dialogue may continue on those terms, but let me also hope that no tone of high seriousness that may have crept into my voice will stop readers from shouting their comments down the mail chute. To answer the mail would take all week, whereas the simple act of chucking it out gets my job done in a day or two each week. Since I can see no other way around such obvious mathematics, I happily intend to leave the r[illegible] unanswered.

But readers have obviously had [illegible] writing their letters to the editor and I have had my own fun in looking at them these seven years. Let me hope I shall be able to make the same report seven years from now.

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Travel

Contnued from page 50

within reach of the Russians. Less fortunate was St. Stephen's Cathedral, in the heart of the inner city. The steeple and tower have always provided a target for advancing artillery. The Turks tried round after round without scoring a hit, but Napoleon's gunners were more skilled and they shortened the steeple by sixty-five feet. After a storm in 1860 the people of Vienna restored the tower to its full height, much to the delight of the Russian gunners in World War II. They hit it fifteen times, and the belfry and roof collapsed into the nave. Only one set of the original stained-glass windows remains, and the cathedral is now much lighter than it appeared before the war.

One lovely afternoon, with the hills greening and the sky full of sun, I drove out into the Vienna woods, through the rolling hills and the sweet-smelling grass and the bright yellow fields. We stopped at Heiligenkreuz, a small inn alongside an old monastery, and then drove on to Mayerling, the scene of the celebrated scandal of the Crown Prince Rudolph, heir to the throne of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. All the causes are obscure, but one version says that Rudolph did not agree with his father's policies on Hungary. Hungary was a matter dear to Rudolph, who had spent much of his youth there.

Rudolph decided to take his own life, and Marie Vetsera, who had been his mistress, decided to join him. The official line describes the reasons as being more political than amatory, despite the lurid accounts that have followed the affair for almost three-quarters of a century. On January 30, 1889, Rudolph and Marie arrived at Mayerling. The Crown Prince announced that he would like to be awakened in an hour. When the servant knocked on the royal door they found that Rudolph had shot Marie, then killed himself.

To remove as much of the scandal as possible the Emperor ordered that the bedroom be removed from the lodge, and that the house be made into a monastery. Twenty-one Carmelites have been in residence ever since, never appearing in public. A rug with blood on it hangs on the wall, and there are a few trinkets of glory, but that is all. The Crown Prince reposes in the imperial tomb of the Capuchin Church, but Marie Vetsera lies still in the cemetery of Heiligenkreuz, serene in the Vienna woods.

—HORACE SUTTON.

(Second of a two-article series.)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1536

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Genus of the passerine birds called chickadees.

B. Familiar way of referring to the Apocalypse.

C. Zoologist's term for a homologous part.

D. Greek goddess of the moon who fell in love with Endymion.

E. Important contemporary painter Russian - born (1887-).

F. Opposite to what is usual, in order, relation, effect.

G. Resembling a small crescent.

H. Baronetcy of a mid-18th-cent. governor of South Carolina, whose brother and nephew, first and second of the line, were known as "the Good Lord" and "the Wicked Lord."

I. Calumniates.

J. Great, very ancient Semitic city, of wealth and luxury, whose name begins as the very symbol of innocence.

K. Slang for a gay and hilarious time.

L. Obscurity; want of transparency or translucency.

WORDS

185 23 41 72 169 136 151 141 114 162

132 124 36 178 118 183 74 81 48 96

27 55 138 82 120 69 186

20 16 176 155 187 2

78 182 54 121 101 117 28

129 149 53 5 137 71 103 119

75 161 60 148 31 80 127 164

108 58 165 168 8 37 14 133 123

126 146 135 52 177 145 66 171

51 12 30 94 46 40 189

115 11 153 160 131 76 18

106 100 29 90 166 33 163

DEFINITIONS

M. Standing upright; pertaining to erect posture.

N. Suffering discontentment, usually from a specific cause and temporary.

O. Egg-shaped.

P. Essential characters of particular things.

Q. Titular heroine of one of Aristophanes' best-known comedies; modern version by Gilbert Seldes.

R. Deformation of Earth's crust by which the great features such as continents, oceans, etc. are produced.

S. See Word U.

T. Interesting mineral which often occurs in prismatic crystals twinned in the form of a cross.

U. How Melville places in *Moby Dick* the "far delight" of the man who stands forth as himself (2 wds., followed by Word S).

V. Godly, blameless.

W. More wriggling and elusive.

WORDS

34 107 10 84 73 6 91 61

9 110 47 167 87 13 59 88 152 70 99 150

173 25 85 79 44 105 7 4 143

130 179 174 112 98 42 134

17 39 77 170 140 159 102 26 93 175

92 97 122 19 38 49 157 109 172 181

188 50 1 64 22 104

111 56 24 139 62 147 45 116 83 144

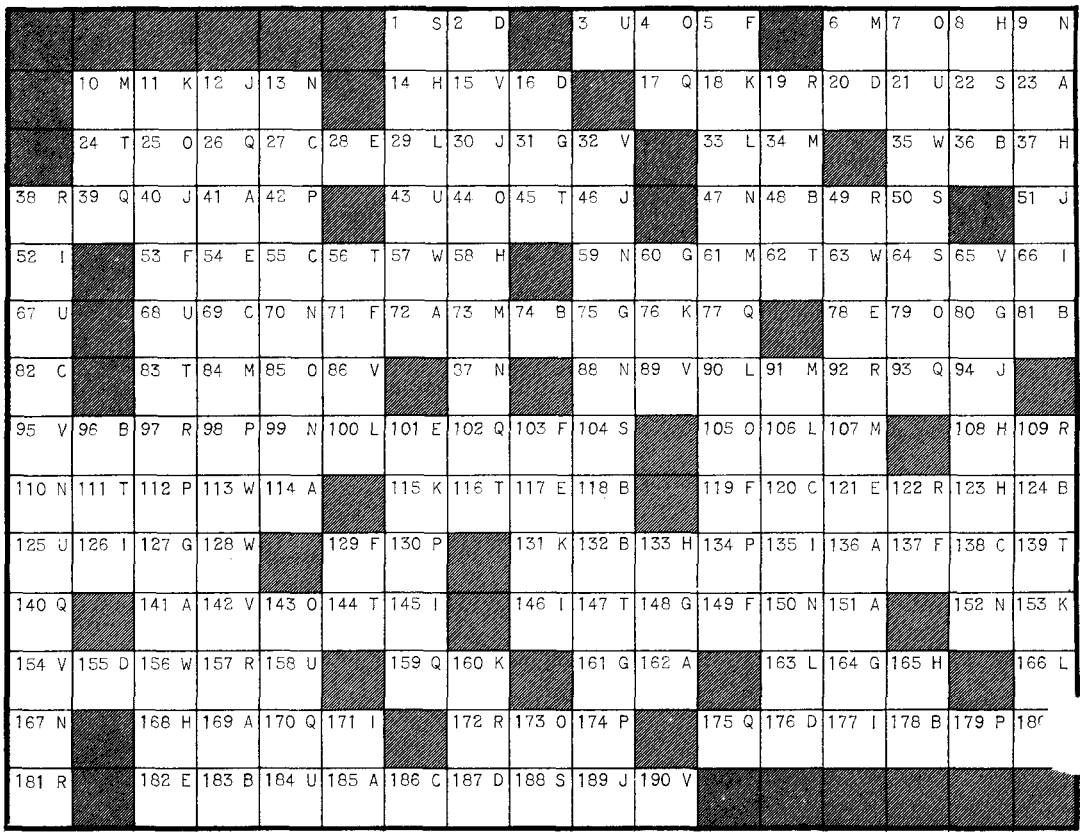
21 184 43 3 125 67 68 158 180

154 142 190 15 86 32 89 95 65

128 35 57 156 63 113

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-oda WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 20 of this issue.

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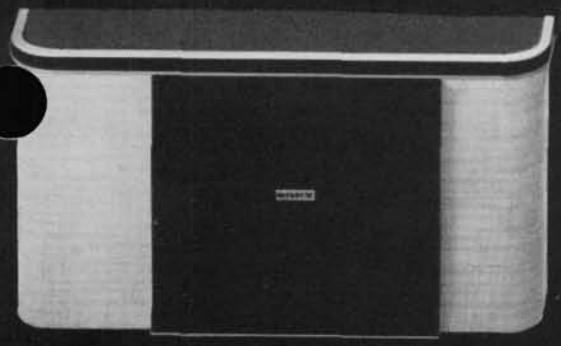

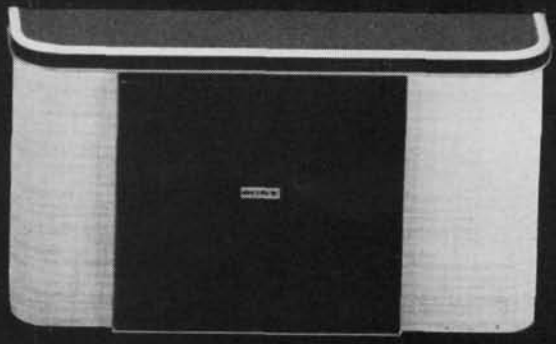

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